



*RETRATO DE CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA
POR EL MISMO.*

C. Kent inven^t et delin.

Vida Cervantes p. 1.

Geo. Vertue Londini Sculp^t.

62 m

THE
L I F E
O F
MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

WRITTEN BY
DON GREGORIO MAYÁNS & SISCÁR:

His CATHOLICK MAJESTY'S Library-Keeper.

Translated, from the *Spanish* Manuscript, by Mr. O Z E L L.

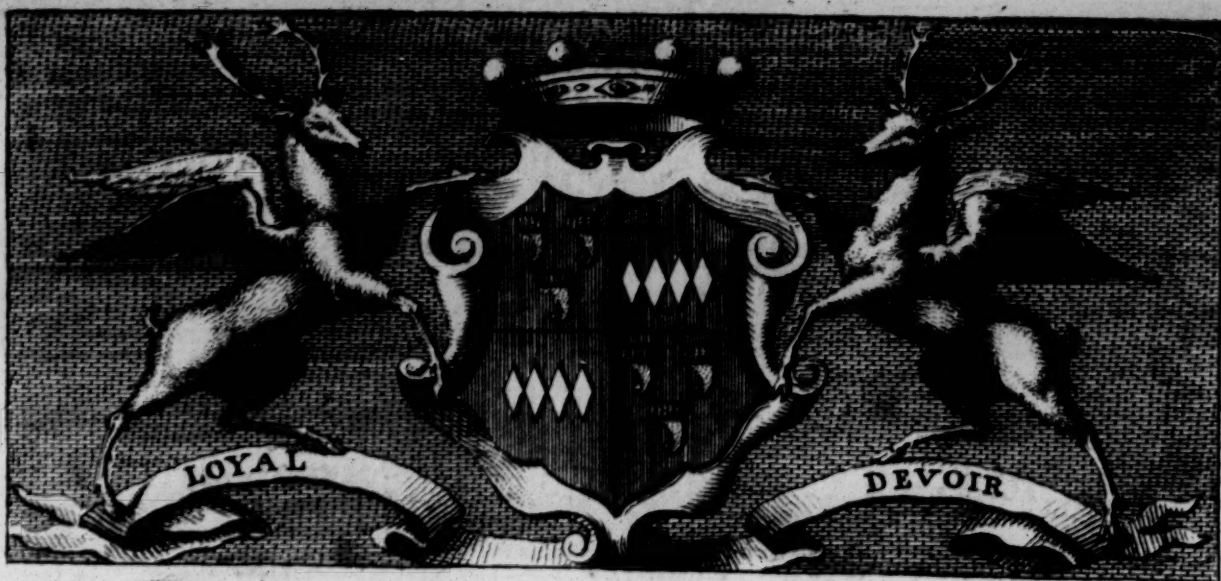
L O N D O N:
Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N.

M.DCC XXXVIII.

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3 J. L.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD CARTERET,

&c. &c. &c.

MOST EXCELLENT LORD,



S famous a Writer as *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* was, who perpetuated the Memory of so many *Spaniards*, and had the Art to make immortal, Men that never liv'd at all; yet hath he had no-body to write his own Life in all this Time. YOUR LORDSHIP being desirous it shou'd be done, was pleas'd to honour me with your Commands to collect together what Particulars and Notices I cou'd

A 2

meet

meet with pertaining to the Life and Writings of this great Man. Accordingly I set about it with that Diligence which became One concern'd in the Execution of so honourable a Task, and I have found that *Cervantes's Actions* afford so very *Little Matter*, and his *Writings* so very *Much*, that I was oblig'd, with the *Leaves* of the latter, as with a rich Cloathing, to cover the Nakedness and Poverty of a Person most highly worthy of better Times. For though the Age he liv'd in, is said to be a *Golden One*, very certain I am, that with respect to *Him* and some other well-deserving Persons, it was an Age of *Iron*. The Enviars of his Wit and Eloquence did nothing but murmur at and satyrize him. Scholasticks, incapable of equalling him either in Invention or Art, slighted him as a Writer not Book-learn'd. Many Noblemen, whose Names but for him had been buried in Oblivion, lavish'd and threw away upon Parasites, Flatterers, and Buffoons, their whole Power, Interest, and Authority, without bestowing the least Favour on the Greatest Wit of his Time. As much as
That

That Age abounded with Writers, Few of them have made any Mention of *Cervantes*, at least in his Praise; and Those who have prais'd him (which are fewer still) have done it in so cold a manner, that as well the *Silence* of the *Historians* and the *Praises* of the *Poets*, (his Co-temporaries) are certain Tokens either of their little Knowledge of him, or great Envy towards him. YOUR LORDSHIP has so just a Taste of his Works, that You have manifested Your self the most liberal Maintainer and Propagator of his Memory; And it is by YOUR LORDSHIP and through *Your* Means, that *Cervantes* and his *Ingenious Gentleman* do Now acquire their due Estimation and their greatest Value. Once again therefore let the Great *Don Quixote de la Mancha* sally forth to the Light, hitherto an unfortunate Adventurer, but Now and for ever a most Happy One under Your Lordship's auspicious Patronage. Long live the Memory of the incomparable Writer MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. And may YOUR LORDSHIP accept of the ensuing Sheets, as a sure and perpetual

tual Token of that ready and glad Obedience which I profess for YOUR LORDSHIP'S Commands, which tho' I may not have executed to the Height and Extent they deserve (for I am not so conceited, or so ambitious, as either to presume I have done so great a Thing, or hope to Do it) yet at least I shall remain satisfy'd with the Glory of approving my self

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most Obsequious Dutiful Servant,

D. Greg. Mayans & Siscar.

C O N T E N T S

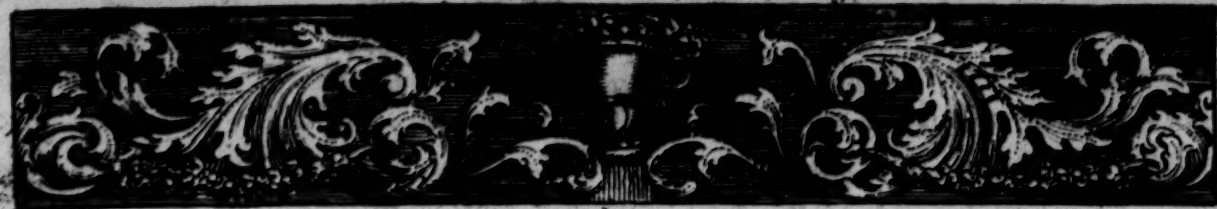
Of the following

L I F E of MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

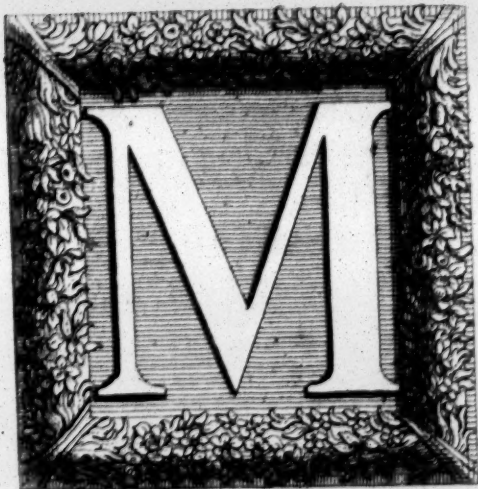
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His Redemption, Numb. 12.
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T H E

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THE
L I F E
OF
MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.
WRITTEN BY
DON GREGORIO MAYÁNS & SISCÁR.



MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, who when living was a valiant Soldier, tho' Friendless and Unfortunate; and a very eminent Writer, tho' without any Patron to favour him; was nevertheless, when dead, emulously adopted by several Countries, who laid Claim to his Birth. *Esquivias* calls him hers. *Seville* denies her that Honour, and assumes it to her self. *Lucena* makes the same Pretension. Each alledges her Right, and none of them is allow'd it.

1. The Claim of *Esquivias* is espous'd by Don *Thomas Tamayo de Vargas*, a most learned Man: Probably, because *Cervantes* bestow'd on that Place the Epithet *Renown'd*, but the same *Cervantes* explains himself by saying: *On a thousand Accounts Renown'd: one for her illustrious Families, another for her most illustrious Wines.*

2. *Tamayo's* great Rival, *Don Nicholas Antonio*, pleads for the City of *Seville*; and to prove his Point, advances two Reasons or Conjectures. He says that *Cervantes*, when very young, saw *Lope de Rueda* act Plays in *Seville*; and adds, that the Surnames of *Cervantes* and *Saavedra* are peculiarly *Sevillian* Names. The first Conjecture proves but little. For when I my self was a Child, I saw a noted Play (and it is the only one I ever saw) acted at *Valencia*, and yet I was not born there, but at *Oliva*.

a

Besides

Besides, when Cervantes was saying, that (a) *Lope de Rueda*, a Man of an excellent Understanding, as well as a celebrated Player, was a Native of Seville, it was natural likewise to have call'd it his own Country: but neither in that Place, nor in any other where he names *Seville*, does he once take any notice of his being born in that City. The second Conjecture proves yet less: For if *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* had had his Extraction from the *Cervantes* and *Saavedras* of *Seville*, those being Noble Families, he wou'd have mention'd it some where or other speaking so often of himself as he does in his Works; now the most that he says, is, that he was a Gentleman, without adding any Circumstance specifying his Family. Besides, had he been born at *Seville*, surely among the *Cervantes* and *Saavedra* Families there, some among them had preserv'd the glorious Memorial of having giv'n to Spain so illustrious a Person. A Proof which wou'd have been alledg'd by *Don Nicholas Antonio* as he espous'd that Opinion, and was himself a Native of *Seville*.

3. As for *Lucena*: the People there have a Tradition our Author was born among Them. When this Tradition is clearly made out, or the Parish-Register is produced to confirm it, we shall readily believe it.

4. Mean while I hold it for a Certainty, that *Cervantes* drew his first Breath at *Madrid*, since he himself in His *Voyage to Parnassus*, (b) taking leave of that Great Town, (for it is no City) thus addresses himself to it:

Then, turning to my humble lowly Cell,
Farewel, said I; and Thou, *Madrid*, Farewel;
Farewel ye Fountains, Prado, and ye Plains,
Where Nectar flows, and where Ambrosia rains.
Adieu, Assemblies, Conversation sweet,
Where the Forlorn awhile their Cares forget.
Adieu, delightful and Romantic Spot,
Where, struck with Lightning from the Thund'rer shot,
Attempting a Scalade on Heav'n's high Wall,
Two Earth-imprison'd Giants curse their Fall.
Adieu the Publick Theatres, from whence,
To take-in Farce, they've banisht Common Sense.
Adieu the blest St. Philip's spacious Walk,
Where States are weigh'd, and News is all the Talk:
How crest-faln or elate the Turkish Hound,
How the * wing'd Lion wins or loses Ground.
Adieu, pale Hunger! — to avoid the Fate,
If here I stay, of Dying at thy Gate,
This Day, in order to prevent the Blow,
Out of MY COUNTRY and my self I go.

* Venice.

5. Having made this Observation, I turn'd to the *Minutes* which *Don Nicholas Antonio* took in order to form his *Bibliotheca*, and in the margin thereof I found he had added this very Proof of *Cervantes's* Country; but being desirous to maintain his old Opinion, he concludes thus; By the Words MY COUNTRY may be understood all

(a) In the Preface to his Eight Comedies.

(b) Chap. I.

all Spain. Whoever reads *Cervantes's* Verses attentively and without partiality, will see that this Interpretation of *D. Nicholas Antonio* is strain'd, and even contrary to *Cervantes's* Meaning; for the first sixteen Lines are a descriptive Definition of *Madrid*; the three next Verses an Apostrophe or Speech, directed to his Hanger; and the last Verse of all, a Return to the Town of *Madrid*, where, he had before told us, he had an humble lowly Cell, out of which he was going on his Journey to *Parnassus*: A Journey, the Description whereof carry'd him as it were out of himself, by way of Poetical Transport;

Hoi de MI PATRIA, i de mi mismo salgo.

Out of MY COUNTRY and my self I go.

Besides, in the Lines immediately following, he says,

Then, to the Port, by slow degrees, I came,

Which to the Carthaginians owes its Name:

A Port which Eolus's Rage defies,

Impervious to that Blusterer of the Skies:

A Port, to whose clear Fame all Ports must vail

The Sea e'er washt, Sun saw, or Man cou'd sail.

6. If *Cervantes* by his Country had meant all Spain, (a thing very improper, and inconsistent with his accurate way of writing) when he quitted Spain, then he shou'd have call'd her his Country, and not when he directed his Speech to *Madrid* and quitted that Town, in order to go to *Cartagena*, especially going as he did, by *slow degrees*, to that famous Sea-port, where he was to embark for his Voyage to *Parnassus* in Company with *Mercury*.

7. Be it therefore taken for granted, that *Madrid* was the Place of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra's* Nativity, and likewise the Place of his Abode. *Apollo* himself gives Evidence of this in the Superscription of a pleasant Letter of his, in these Terms. (c) To *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, in Orchard-street, fronting the Palace formerly belonging to the Prince of Morocco, in Madrid. Postage, half a Real, I mean seventeen Maravedis.* And his Habitation seems to have been none of the best, since he concludes the Account of his Voyage, thus,

Then full of Spleen I sought my old, dark Cell.

8. *Cervantes* was born in the Year 1549. as may be gather'd from these Words which he wrote on the 14th Day (d) of July, 1613. *It does not suit one of my Years to make a Jest of the other World: For I am now on the wrong side of Sixty four.* (*Por la mano, aforeband in Spanish,*) which I take to mean an anticipation of some few Days. So that I'm apt to think he was born in July; and when he wrote those Words, he might be sixty four Years old, and some Days.

9. From his most tender Years he was very fond of Books: Infomuch that, speaking of himself, he says, (e) *I am very apt to take up the least Piece of written or printed Papers that lies in my way, tho' it were in the middle of the Street.* He was a great Lover of Polite Learning, and totally apply'd himself to Books of Entertainment, such as Novels, and Poetry of all Kinds, especially *Spanish* and *Italian* Authors. That he was very conversant in such sort of Writers, appears from the pleasant and curious Scrutiny

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which

(c) *Voyage to Parnassus, ch. 8.*

(d) *In the Preface to the Novels.*

(e) *Part I. ch. 9.*

which was made of Don Quixote's Library, (f) his frequent Allusions to fabulous Histories; his most accurate Judgment of so many Poets (g); and his Voyage to Parnassus.

10. From Spain he went into Italy, either to serve in Rome Cardinal Aquaviva, to whom he was Chamberlain; (h) or else to follow the Profession of a Soldier, as he did some Years, under the victorious Banners of that great Commander, Marco Antonio Colona. (i)

11. He was one of those who were engag'd in the famous Battle of Lepanto where he lost his Left-hand by the Shot of an Harquebus: (k) Or at least his Hand was so maim'd thereby, that he lost the Use of it. (l) He fought as became a good Christian, and a gallant Soldier. Of his Share in this Action he was not a little proud, (and with good Reason;) saying many Years after. (m.)

The liquid Plain, then offering to my View,

Don John's Heroic Action did renew,

In whose fam'd Vict'ry, if I may compare

My self with Others, I too had a Share

* *Mean as I was—*

12. Afterwards, I know not how, nor when, he was taken by the Moors, and carry'd to Algiers. From hence some infer that the *Novel of the Captive* (n) is a Relation of Adventures that befel Cervantes himself. And therefore they further say, That he serv'd the Duke of Alva in Flanders, that he got to be an Ensign under an old experienced Captain of Guadalajara, whose Name was Diego de Urbina; that he was afterwards himself made a Captain of Foot, and was at the naval Battle of Lepanto, being embark'd with his Company in John Andrea Doria's Galley, out of which he leap'd into the Galley of Ucbali the King of Algiers, who was then surrounded by the Spaniards, but getting loose from them, Cervantes's Soldiers were hinder'd from following him, so that he remain'd alone among his Enemies much wounded, and without the least power to make any Resistance; and in short, among so many victorious Christians, he was the only Captive, tho' gloriously so. All this and much more is related by the Captive, who is the principal Subject of the Novel in question. This Captive, after the Death of the said King Ucbali, fell into the Hands (by bequest) of Azanaga, another more cruel King of Algiers, who kept him shut up in a Prison or House which the Turks call Baños, where they keep their Christian Slaves, as well those of the King, as those who belong to private Persons, and also those who are call'd de Almacén, that is, who belong to the Publick, and are employ'd by the City in Works that belong to it. These latter do very difficultly obtain their Liberty; for having no particular Master, but belonging to the Publick, they can find no Body to treat with about their Ransom. One of the Captives, who was then at Algiers, I judge to be Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, and in Proof of this I shall relate what the Captive said of Azanaga's Cruelties: *He wou'd hang one of the Christian Slaves one Day, then impale another, cut off the Ears of a third: and this upon such slight Occasions, that* often

(f) Part I. ch. 6. (g) In the same Chapter. (h) See his Dedication of Galatea. (i) Ibid. (k) Pref. to the Novels. (l) In his Voyage to Parnassus, ch. 1. (m) Ibid. * Alluding to his being no more than a common Soldier. (n) Part I. of D. Quixote, ch. 39.

often the Turks wou'd own, that he did it only for the Pleasure of doing it, and because he was naturally an Enemy to Mankind. Only one Spanish Soldier knew how to deal with him; his Name was Saavedra; and because he did such Things as will not easily be forgotten by the Turks, and all to gain his Liberty, his Master never gave him a Blow, nor used him ill either in Word or Deed; and yet we were always afraid that the least of his Pranks wou'd make him be impaled; nay, he himself was sometimes afraid of it too; and if it were not for fear of taking up too much of our Time, I could tell such Passages of this SOLDIER, as would divert the Company much better than the Relation of my Adventures, and cause more Wonder in them. Thus far Cervantes, speaking of himself by the Mouth of another Captive; by whose Testimony it shou'd seem that he was but a common Soldier, and so he calls himself on other Occasions; (o) and not an Ensign, much less a Captain: Titles with which he wou'd have certainly honour'd himself, at least in the Frontispiece of his Works, had he enjoy'd either of those Posts. Five Years and an half he was a Captive, and from thence had learnt to bear Afflictions patiently. He then return'd to Spain (p), and apply'd himself to the writing of Comedies, of which he compos'd several, all of them well receiv'd by the Publick, and acted with great Applause, both for the Newness of the Art and the Decorations of the Stage, which were wholly owing to the Wit and good Taste of Cervantes. These were *The Customs or Humours of Algiers*, *Numantia*, *The Sea-fight*, and many others; Cervantes (q) handling the First and Last as an Eye-Witness. He likewise wrote several Tragedies, which were much extolled. (r) His good Friend *Vincent Espinel*, the Inventor of a particular Sort of Verse, from him call'd *Espinelas*, thought him worthy of a Place in his ingenious *Temple of Memory*, lamenting the Misfortune of his Captivity, and celebrating the Beauty of his Poetical Genius, in this Octave:

*In vain wert Thou by unrelenting Fate
Cast on a most inhospitable Shore;
In vain thy adverse Stars malicious Hate
Made Thee a Captive to the Miscreant Moor;
Thy Mind still free, Cervantes; undeprest
Thy Wit too; Both exert a Force Divine:
Phœbus and Pallas still inspire thy Breast,
And bid Thee with superior Lustre shine.*

Louis Galvez de Montalvo had express'd himself in much the same manner before *Espinel*, in his Verses prefixt to *Galatea*:

*Whilst Saracens beneath their galling Yoke
Thy captive Neck controll'd,
And whilst Thy Mind, impassive to the Stroke,
On Faith kept faster Hold,
Heav'n did indeed rejoice; but Earth forlorn
In Tears her Loss confest;
The Muses too, when Thou from Them wert torne,
A Widow's Grief express'd.*

But

(o) In his Voyage to Parnassus, ch. 1. In Preface to *Galatea*. In the Approbation of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*; and some manuscript Pieces treating of *Algiers*. (p) Preface to his Novels. (q) Part I. of *Don Quixote*, ch. 48. (r) Ibid.

The LIFE of

But since, releas'd from that Barbarian Band,

O Thou our Souls Desire!

Thou visit'st once again thy native Land,

Inviolat and entire,

Heav'n owns thy Worth: All Mankind does rejoice;

And Spain once more shall bear the Muses Voice.

The Close of this Sonnet proves that *Cervantes*, even before he was a Captive, was esteemed one of the most Eminent Poets of his Time.

13. But as the Information which comes by *Hear-say*, is wont to be none of the truest; *Cervantes* would subject himself to the rigorous *Examen* of such as shou'd be inclin'd to read his Performances. Accordingly in the Year 1584 he publish'd his *SIX BOOKS OF GALATEA*, which he presented, as the First-fruits of his Wit, to *Afcanio Colonna*, at that time Abbot of *St. Sophia*, and since Cardinal-Priest with the Title of the Holy Cross of *Jerusalem*. *Don Louis de Vargas Manrique* celebrated this Work of *Cervantes* in a Commendatory Sonnet, which, because it is much beyond what is usually written on such Occasions, I shall here subjoin:

The Sovereign Gods, when They on Thee bestow'd

Such various Gifts of Nature and of Art,

Their Greatness, Great Cervantes, fully show'd

In Thee, to whom those Gifts they did impart.

Jove gave to Thee his Thunderbolt, the Pow'r

Of Words to split the hardest Rocks in twain:

Diana gave to Thee, by way of Dower,

In Chastity of Style t' excel each Swain:

Hermes the artful Tale with Plot improves,

And Mars contributes Nerves to make thee Strong;

Venus and Cupid gave Thee all their Loves,

And Phœbus aided the concerted Song:

The Nine learn'd Sisters did enrich thy Mind,

And All his Shepherds Pan to Thee resign'd.

14. This Sonnet is both a true and a beautiful Description of the *GALATEA*, a Novel wherein *Cervantes* has manifested the Penetration of his Wit in the Invention, his Fertility of Fancy in the abundance of his beautiful Descriptions and entertaining Episodes; his rare Ability in unravelling many seemingly indissoluble Knots; and his Happiness in choosing proper Words and Phrases peculiarly adapted to the Persons he introduces, and to the Subject he treats of. But what is more to be commended, is, his handling Love-Matters with Modesty, herein imitating *Heliodorus* and *Athenagoras*, the former of whom was of *Phœnicia* and wrote the *Amours of Theagenes and Chariclea*. As for the latter, 'tis uncertain whether ever such a Person existed at all; for if the Conjectures of the learned Bishop *Huetius* are true, it was *William Philander* that wrote the *Novel of Perfect Love*, and father'd it on *Athenagoras*. Let this be as it will, our *Cervantes* wrote of Love so judiciously and philosophically, that we have no reason to regret the Loss of *Aristotle's Eroticks*, or the Love-Books of his two Disciples *Clearchus* and *Theophrastus*; or of *Ariston* of *Ceos*, another Peripatetic. But even this

Delicacy

Delicacy with which *Cervantes* treated the Subject of Love, he was afraid wou'd be imputed to him as a Fault, and therefore he endeavoured to clear himself beforehand: *Well I know* (says he) *that in Pastoral Matters there is a particular Style which ought to be restrain'd within due Bounds, since even the Prince of Latin Poesy has been found fault with for soaring much higher in some of his Eclogues than in others: And therefore I shall be the less concern'd, shou'd any one condemn me for putting Philosophic Reasonings into the Mouths of some Enamour'd Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who seldom aim at a high Style in their Discourse, or talk of any thing but Country-Affairs. But when it is considered that many of my Shepherds are only so in Disguise, and wear a Pastoral Habit purely to carry on the Design of the Novel, this Objection will fall to the Ground. But Cervantes did not find it so easy a Matter to clear himself of another Objection, which was his interweaving into this Novel so many Episodes, that their Multiplicity confounds the Reader's Imagination, let it be ever so attentive; for they come so thick, that though they are work'd in with great Art, yet this very Art gives no room to follow the Thread of the Narration, which is frequently interrupted with new Incidents. He was sensible of this, and confest as much when he introduc'd the Curate Perez (who was a Man of Learning, and a Graduate of Siguenza,) and Mr. Nicholas the Barber, saying: But what is that Book (ask'd the Curate) which is next to the Song-Book? (meaning Maldonado's Cancionero.) It is (reply'd the Barber) *The GALATEA* of Michael de Cervantes. That Cervantes has been my intimate Acquaintance these many Years, cry'd the Curate; and I know he has been more conversant with Misfortunes than with Poetry. His Book indeed has something in it that shews a happy Invention. It aims at Something, but concludes Nothing. Therefore we must stay for the Second Part, which he has promis'd us. Perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full Pardon, which is deny'd him for the present; till that time keep him close Prisoner at your House. The Second Part of this Pastoral Novel was never publish'd, tho' often promis'd by the Author. (s) One Thing I observ'd some Years ago, and I here repeat it, since it naturally falls in with the Subject, and that is, the Style of *The Galatea* is not very orderly, but rather confus'd, and in some Places abounding with affected Oddities. The Words are indeed very proper, but the constructive Part violent, because irregular, and contrary to the usual way of Speaking. Herein the Author imitated the ancient Books of Knight-Errantry; but in his Dedication and Preface he preserves a more natural Disposition of Style, and still more in the Pieces he publish'd afterwards; all which are a manifest Retraction of his former Error. In *The Galatea* there are Songs and Verses in both those kinds of Spanish Poetry, call'd *Arte Menor*, and *Arte Mayor* (t). Those of the first Sort, in *The Galatea*, are exquisitely judicious and equally delightful, replete with most delicate Sentiments, and the Language inconceivably sweet. His Compositions of the *Arte Mayor*, in that Piece, are much inferior; however, there are some Verses in it which may vie with the best of any Poet whatever.*

15. But

(s) In an Oration in praise of Don Diego Saavedra Fayardo's Works, prefix'd to his *Respublica Literaria*, reprinted in Madrid Anno Domini 1736.

(t) Coplas de *Arte Menor*, or Verses of the lesser Art, otherwise call'd Redondillas, are short Verses in which the first and fourth, and the second and third rhyme. Those of the *Arte Mayor*, or the Greater Art, is when each Verse consists of twelve Syllables, or contains two Verses of the lesser Redondilla, each of which has six Syllables. The Rhyme, in both, alike.

15. But this is not the Work from which we are to take an Estimate of the Greatness of *Cervantes's* Wit, his Miraculous Invention, or the Purity, Sweetness, and Easiness of his Style. All which are most admir'd in the Books he wrote of the ingenious Gentleman DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. This was his Principal Undertaking; and an impartial *Examen* of this Work shall be the Principal Subject of my Pen in these my particular Specifications of his Life, which I write with great Pleasure, since I do it in obedience to the Commands of a Great Honourer of the worthy Memory of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, who, if he had not already attain'd, as he certainly has, an Universal Fame, he wou'd now have attained it by the Favour of so Illustrious a Protector. (u)

16. The reading of bad Books is one of the principal Things corruptive of good Morals, and destructive of the Public Weal. Now if so much Mischief arises from Books which only give a bare Relation of bad Examples, what Effect will not such Books have which are feign'd on purpose to instil into unwary Minds a Poison conditied and *conferu'd* with the Sugar of a Delicious Style? Such are the *Milesian Fables*, so call'd from the City of *Miletus* in *Ionian* (a Province addicted to all kinds of Debauchery) where these Fables were first introduc'd; as also the *Sibarites* in *Italy*, from whence the *Sibartie Fables* took their Name. The whole Business of these Fables (I am only speaking of the leud ones) was to destroy Religion, to bestialize Human Nature, emasculate the Mind, harden Men into Brutes, or soften them into Eunuchs, and instruct them in every thing that was wicked and detestable, base and unworthy.

17. The *Hebrews* wrote their idle *Stories of the Cabala*, and the *Talmud*, purely to support the Madness of their Incredulity, by the credulous Persuasion of Fictions the most ridiculous, extravagant and despicable that can be imagin'd, and to avoid assenting to the Truth of the Christian Religion, more visible to the World than the Light of the Sun itself; and such is their Affection and Fondness for legendary lying Stories, that in Truth itself they wou'd not own they saw the Truth, even to that degree as, without any other Reason or Foundation but their Love of Legends, to deny the Book of *Job* to be any other than a mere Parable. To them the *Anabaptists* join'd their Belief, and audaciously asserted the History of *Esther* and *Judith* to be in like manner nothing but Parables invented to divert and amuse the People. Thus do they make use of their Fables to confirm their Sect, and turn their own Inventions to the Destruction of the Truest and most Authentic Histories that the World contains, and as such have been preserv'd to us by the proper Depositaries.

18. With this same Intention of destroying the True Religion, was likewise written *Mahomet's Alcoran*, which, as hath been observ'd by the very learned *Alexius Vinegas*, (x) contains a *Quadripartite Sect*, of which the First and chief Part is the *Swinish* or *Epicurean Life*. The Second, a *Jumble of Jewish Ceremonies*, void of the Signification they bore before the Coming of Christ. The Third, a *Texture of the Arian and Nestorian Heresies*. And the Fourth, the *Letter of the Gospel distorted and ill expounded*; to answer their deprav'd and wild Pretensions. Of this Stamp are the *Stories of the Cradle and Arrow*, first broach'd by the Moors in their Church of Malignants.

19. Another

(u) MY LORD CARTERET. (x) In the Expounding of *Momus*, translated by Augustin de Almazan.

19. Another Design of the mischievous *Milesian* Books, is, to render the Readers of them Effeminate, by a lively Representation of amorous Encounters, and exciting corrupt Ideas by luscious Imag'ry and Machinery. In this sort of Writings it were much better not to cite Examples, and if any be brought in, let it be *Apuleius's Ass*, so that the Example itself may put the Reader in mind that Indolence, and a supine vile Disposition, will transform Men into Beasts.

20. As on the one hand, Mens Minds are render'd effeminate by Books of *Knight-Errantry*, so, on the other, such Books tend to make Savages of them, for therein are describ'd most monstrous Performances of certain fictitious Knights, with each of them his Lady, for whom he commits a thousand mad Pranks, even to that degree as to Pray to them, invoking them in their perilous Adventures with certain Forms of Words, as so many Advocates and Mediatrices in their Conflicts and Encounters; and for their sakes they enter upon and atchieve Multitudes of extravagant and nonsensical Matters. In short, the reading these Books stirr'd up many to barbarous Actions thro' an imaginary Punctilio of defending Women even for Causes absolutely dishonourable. And things were come to that pass, the very Laws censur'd such Doings as unfit to be countenanced, and accordingly declare it to be an Abuse: (y) *In order to animate themselves the more*, says the old Collection of *Spanish Laws*, *they held it a noble thing to call upon the Name of their Mistresses, that their Hearts might swell with an increase of Courage, and their Shame be the greater if they fail'd in their Attempts.*

21. The last Sort of pernicious *Novels*, is, such as, under the Pretence of warning People against Roguery, do really teach it; of which Compositions we have in *Spain* such Multitudes of Examples, that it is needless to instance any in particular.

22. Of all these Books, those that did most harm to the Publick were such as had *Knight-Errantry* for their Subject. The Causes of their Introduction were as follows.

23 The Northern Nations possessing themselves of all *Europe*, the Inhabitants flung away their Pens and laid hold of their Swords, of which they that had the longest, and were consequently the strongest, were most esteemed. Barbarism prov'd to be the most potent, and went out Conqueror; Learning was beat down, the Knowledge of Antiquity lost, and the right Taste annihilated. But, as there is no making shift well without these Things, there succeeded in their room a false Learning and a wrong Taste. They wrote Histories which were fabulous, because they had lost, or knew not how to find out the Memory of past Occurrences. Some Men, who wou'd needs of a sudden set up for Teachers, cou'd but ill instruct their Readers in what they had never learnt themselves. Such were *Thelesinus Helius*, an *English* Writer, who, about the Year 640, when King *Arthur* reign'd in *Britain*, wrote the Life and Actions of that King in a fabulous romantick Way. Herein he was imitated by *Avalonius*, who, in King *Vortiger's* Reign, about the Year 650, wrote the History of *Britain*, interspers'd with Tales of King *Arthur* and the *Round Table*. The History publish'd by *Gildas*, surnam'd *The Wise*, a *Welsh* Monk, is of the same Sortment: He relates the marvellous Exploits of King *Arthur*, *Percival* and *Lancelot*. The Book written by *French Hunibald*, and abridg'd by the Abbot *Trithemius*, is a heap of Lyes and idle childish Stories. Another Book falsely ascrib'd to Archbishop *Turpin*, being in truth

b

misdated

(y) See the 22d Law. tit. 21. Part. II.

misdated by above 200 Years, treats of the Atchievements of *Charlemagne*, full of Fictions, and was indeed forg'd in *France*, not in *Spain*, as is by a certain Person averr'd only because he was pleas'd to have it so. With these Books we may couple the fabulous Histories falsely father'd on *Hancon Forteman*, *Salcan Forteman*, *Sivard the Sage*, *John Abgil-lo* Son of a King of *Frizeland*, and *Adel Adeling* a Descendant from the Kings of the same Nation; all of whom are said to have been *Frizelanders*, and to have liv'd in the Time of *Charlemagne*, whose Story they wrote.

24. No less fabulous was the *History of the Origine of the Frizelanders*, ascrib'd to *Occo Escarlensis*, Grandson (as some feign) to a Sister of *Salcan Forteman's*, and contemporary with *Otbo the Great*. Nor ought any more Credit to be given to the History compos'd by *Geofry of Monmouth*, a *Briton*, wherein are written *The Life and Adventures of King Arthur*, and of the Wise *Merlin*, notwithstanding he is said to have drawn them from ancient Memoirs.

25. These were the Histories which were in such vogue among the Nations that were then less rude, and less stupidly dull. There were Men that foolishly busy'd themselves in coining and publishing such extravagant Whims, because there were Men still more foolish, who read, applauded, and often believ'd them.

26. The *Trobadores* (a), I mean the Poets, who in the time of *Louis the Pious* began to cultivate the *Gaya Ciencia* (that is *Poetry*, as if one shou'd say *The Gay, Pleasant Science*) made it their Study to reduce to Metre these same Figments; and as they always used to sing them, they became common.

27. In *Spain* the Use of Poetry is much more ancient. I am not treating of the most remote Times, and therefore shall not quote *Strabo*: I'm speaking only of the common Poesy, which we call *Rhythmical*. There are no Traces of its ever being known in any Part of *Europe* before the *Arabians* came into *Spain*. They alone afford a greater Number of Poets and Poems than all the *Europeans* put together. 'Twas they that first inspir'd this Poetical Itch, or perhaps confirm'd it in the *Spaniards*, who knew how to rhyme to Perfection, as is related in a long, but not tedious Account thereof by *Alvaro of Cordovès*, (b) who lamented it as a Grievance a hundred and thirty Years after the Loss of *Spain*. Whether many, or any, of these *Arabian* Poems mention'd by *Alvaro*, were a Species of *Novels*, I will not take upon me to say; but the Exploits of their *Bubalul*, so much celebrated by them in Prose and Verse, were, doubtless, of the *Novel* Kind. It is certain that Tradition, to this very Day, has preserv'd in *Spain* what we call *Cuentos de Viejas* (Old Wives Tales) fill'd with Inchantments, which occasions so many to believe them: And therefore *Cervantes*, with his usual Propriety of Speech, calls his *Novels*, *Cuentos* (c). Yet *Lopè de Vega* is for making a Distinction between *Cuentos* and *Novelas*, (*Tales* and *Novels*), when, writing to *Señora Maria Leonarda*, he thus expresses himself: *Your Ladyship commands me to write a Novel. This is a Novelty to me; for, altho' it is true that in THE ARCADIA, and in THE PILGRIM, there is something of this Kind and Style, more in use among the Italians and French, than the Spaniards, yet the Difference is great, and the Manner*
more

(a) An old Name for Poets, from *Trobar* in old Spanish, to find, (*Trouver* in French) i. e. to find Rhime for Verses. (b) See *Aldrete Orig. de la Lengua Castellana, Lib. I. cap. 22.* (c) At the Close of his *Galatea*, and the Dedication of his *Novels*.

more humble. In an Age less judicious than ours, even the wisest Men call'd NOVELS by the Name of CUENTOS (Tales). These latter were got by heart, and never committed to Writing, that I remember. I, for my part, am apt to think that if there's any Difference, (which I doubt) it is, that the Cuento, or Tale, is the shorter of the two. Be that as 'twill, the Cuentos (Tales) are usually call'd Novelas (Novels,) and so vice versâ, and both of them Fables. Those who profess Exactness and Propriety in Speech will tell you there is a farther Sort of Fables, and these they call Fables of Chivalry: For which reason Lope de Vega, pursuing his Discourse of Spanish Customs in relation to their Fondness for Fiction, immediately adds: *Because their Fables were reduc'd to a kind of Books which had the Appearance of Histories, and were call'd in the Castilian Tongue CAVALLERIAS, as much as to say, THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF VALOROUS KNIGHTS.* Herein the Spaniards were most ingenious, because in the Matter of Invention no Nation in the World excells them, as may be seen in so many Esplandianes's, Phebus's, Palmerin's, Lisuarte's, Floranbeles, Pharamondo's, and the celebrated and most renowned Amadis, Father of all this endless Multitude, which was written by a Portuguese Lady. Reading these last Words, I was somewhat startled, because at the time when the Romance of Amadis was first publish'd, there was not, at least that ever I heard, a Lady in the Kingdom of Portugal capable of writing a Book of so much Invention and Novelty.

28. The learned and judicious Author of *The Dialogue of the Languages*, who wrote in Charles the Vth's Time, and bestow'd much Pains and Time in examining *Amadis de Gaule*, never speaks of it as if he took it to be the Work of a Woman, but a Man. The learned and judicious Archbishop of Tarragona, Don Antonio Augustin, speaking of *Amadis de Gaule*, has these Words: (d) *A Piece which the Portuguese say was compos'd by* (e) Vasco Lobera. And one of the Interlocutors presently adds, *This is another Secret which few are acquainted with.* Manuel de Faria i Sousa, in his learned Preface to the *Fuente de Aganippe*, publish'd a Sonnet, which says that the Infante Don Pedro of Portugal, Son to King John the First, wrote in praise of Vasco de Lobera, for having written that feign'd Story of *Amadis de Gaula*. I have heretofore observ'd, that *Amadis de Gaula* is exactly the Anagram of *La Vida de Gama*, (f) (*The Life of Gama*.) From whence my Friends the Portuguese may infer many other very likely Conjectures.

29. Let that Matter be as it may (for Things done so long since can't easily be ascertain'd,) as our oldest Book of Chivalry is about a hundred Years posterior to those which treat of *Tristan* and *Lancelot*; this gave occasion to the most learned Huetius, after John Baptist Giraldo, to say, That the Spaniards receiv'd from the French the Art of composing Novels (g). As for what concerns Chivalry, I shall make no Difficulty in believing it. But the same Art which the Spaniards receiv'd rough and disorderly, they polish'd and beautify'd so much, that there is the same Difference between them as between a *Dishabillé* and a Set-Dress. The Spaniards fell into this Romantick way of Writing by the same Occasion as Foreigners did. Their Ignorance of true Histories oblig'd them, when they were to write any such, to stuff them full of Lies, especially

b 2

if

(d) Dialogue II. pag. 42. (e) Vasco is the Christian Name of a Man. (f) Gama, the Surname of a noble Family in Portugal. (g) In his Origin of Romances.

if they treated of things passed any considerable time before, for they seldom had Assurance enough to write any manifest Untruths of things present. But as Time present soon becomes Time past, the Liberty of devising Fictions, so confounded Truth with Falshood, that there was no distinguishing the One from the Other. And thus we see that the fabulous Songs, or to speak more clearly, that Species of *Spanish* Poesy call'd *Romances* (in my Opinion so denominated from *Roman*, a *French* Word, signifying *Novel*;) we see, I say, that these Lying Songs or *Romances*, which at first were only made for the Entertainment of the ignorant Rabble, got into such vogue afterwards by being learnt by Heart and repeated by others, that they easily pass'd for Authentic, and their Fictions interwoven with the *General Chronicle* of Spain, which was compiled by the Royal Authority. A most pernicious Example, and so much follow'd, that the Imitation thereof hath brought our Histories to so unhappy a Pass, that an Historian of ours, and one that was esteem'd among the most judicious of his Time, has not scrupled to say, that, *Excepting Holy Writ now and then quoted in them, there's no knowing how to affirm or deny any thing after them.* And who shou'd this Man be that hath banish'd Truth from History, which is the most unexceptionable, and almost only Witness of Times past? Let Him declare that directly rebuk'd him for it, I mean, the most ingenious Batchelor *Pedro Rhua*, Professor of Liberal Learning, who thus writes to him: (b) *Your Lordship, by Blood a Guevara (i), by Office an Historiographer, by Profession a Divine, in Dignity and Worth a Bishop; but of all these the greatest Reputation is to love Truth, to write Truth, to preach Truth, to live in Truth, and to die for the Truth; and therefore your Lordship will be delighted in hearing the Truth, and in being advised by Her.* He goes on: *I have written to your Lordship that among other Things in your Works which the Readers find fault with, the most unbecoming, odious and intolerable Thing that a Writer of Authority, as your Lordship is, can be guilty of, is, your giving us Fables for Histories, and Fictions of your own for other Peoples Narrations; and citing Authors who say no such thing, or do not say it as you represent it, or are such as do not exist but in the Clouds, as the Crotoniates and Sibarites us'd to say: Wherein your Lordship loses your Authority, and the Reader, if he's unlearn'd, is deceiv'd, and if he is diligent and studious, he loses his Time in seeking where the Cocks of Nibas crow, as the Greek Proverb has it.* This false Opinion which the Bishop of *Mondonedo* held of the Liberty of feigning Histories, gave him occasion to think, that since so many others had written whatever they had a Fancy to, he might do the same; a License which he so boldly gave into, as not only to forge Events and Authors, in whose Names he confirm'd them, but even Laws and Ordinances likewise. And alluding to this, *Rodrigo Dosma*, in the Catalogue of the Bishops of this City (*Osma*) which is at the end of his *Discursos Patrios*, speaking of King *Alonso XI.* of *Leon*, says: *He stock'd the City with People, and gave them Laws call'd Fueros de Badajoz, which I hold for True and Real Laws, not Fictitious ones, like Guevara's.* And indeed the most learned *Aldrete* held the same Opinion of *Guevara's* Laws, tho' his great Modesty restrain'd him from speaking his whole Mind: *The same it is (says he) with respect (k)*

to

(b) In his Third Letter. (i) Frai Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Mondonedo; not Don Antonio de Guevara, Prior of St. Michael de Escalada. (k) Book II. of The Origin of the Castilian Tongue, ch. 6.

to the Fueros de Badajoz, if they are real, which I will not take upon me to determine. As for the Author who has set them down, his Assertions are somewhat doubtful, because of the little Dependance we can have upon the Certainty of other Things which he relates. By this he plainly points to the Bishop of Mondoñedo: Of whom Don Antonio Augustin says much the same thing, for which I refer to his *Dialogues* (l) rather than transcribe his Words here. I have no mind to bring a Slur upon the Memory of a Person of so tender a Conscience, that having been Historiographer to the Emperor Charles Vth, and written his Life to the time of his Return from *Tunis*, order'd by his Last Will and Testament that a Year's Salary he had receiv'd shou'd be paid back to his Majesty, because during one whole Year he had wrote nothing, considering, very rightly, that this and the like Salaries, are not given for Services done, but to be done, by discharging the Duty incumbent upon the Office; a Duty indispensable, because owing to the Publick, the Members whereof, that is the Citizens, both present and to come, are in the nature of lawful Creditors to whom such Officers are Debtors. I have instanc'd this memorable Example only to shew the mighty Force of Custom, if once it extends to lay down Fiction for Truth, because even in good Men, naturally sober, discrete and studious, as was Bishop *Guevara*, it will pervert the Judgment, and did miserably pervert that of most of the *Spaniards* purely by giving way to the pernicious Pleasure and dangerous Delectation of Books of Chivalry.

30. Mens Minds being thus accustomed to that Admiration which arises from extravagant Relations intermixt in History, they boldly proceeded to write Books entirely fabulous: which indeed wou'd be much more tolerable, nay worthy even of Praise, if confining their Fictions to Probability, they wou'd present the Idea of some great Heroes, in whom Virtue was seen rewarded; and on the other hand Vice chastis'd in vile and abandon'd Profligates. But let us hear how the judicious Author of the *Dialogue of the Languages* delivers himself on this Occasion: *Those who write Lyes, ought to write them so as to come as near the Truth as possible; but our Author of Amadis, (who was the first and best Writer of Books of Chivalry) sometimes thro' Carelesness, and at other times thro' I know not what, says Things so palpably false, so grossly untrue, that it is impossible for a Man to give the least Credit to them.* To confirm which, he produces sundry Instances. The same Enormity is censur'd and exploded by the sage *Ludovicus Vives* (m) with such substantial and weighty Arguments as shew'd him to be one of the justest as well as severest Criticks of his Time. *Erudition* (says he) is not to be expected from Men who have not so much as seen the Shadow of Erudition. For whenever they relate a Story, what Pleasure can there be in certain Things which they so barefacedly and nonsensically feign? *This Man, alone, kill'd twenty together; that Man, thirty; another, run thro' and thro' in threescore places, and left for dead, presently rises up, and the next day, being perfectly cured and recover'd, Challenges a couple of Giants, kills them, and goes off loaded with Gold, Silver, Silks, and precious Stones, in such abundance as wou'd sink one Ship, if not two, to carry 'em. What a Madness is it to suffer ones self to be led away by such Extravagancies? Besides, there is nothing spoke with Acuteness or Wit, unless we are to reckon for Wit, words fetcht from the most secret Privacies and Hiding-places*

(l) *Dialogue* X. pag. 426. *Dial.* XI. p. 447.
legendi Scriptores, qui legendi.

(m) *De Christiana Fæmina. Cap. Qui non*

of Venus, which are spoken very properly to seduce and unbinge the Modesty of her they say they love, if by 'Chance she shews any Resolution to withstand their Attacks. If it be for This, these Books are read; it will be less hurtful to read such Books as treat of (pardon the Term) downright Bawdry. For, after all, what Discreetness can proceed from the Pens of Writers destitute of all good Learning and Art? I never heard any Man say he found a Pleasure in such Books, except only those who never touch'd a good Book in their Lives: I confess indeed, to my Shame, I have sometimes been guilty of reading them, but I never found any Footsteps in 'em either of a good Design or true Wit. Persons therefore who praise them, some of whom I know, shall then find credit with me, when they say this after they have read Seneca, Cicero, St. Jerom, or the Holy Scripture, and whose Morals are as yet untainted. For most commonly the Reason of approving such Books arises from beholding in them our own Manners, presented as in a Mirror, and so we rejoice to see them approv'd of. To conclude; altho' the Contents of them were ever so witty and delightful, I wou'd never desire a poisoning Pleasure, or that my Wife shou'd be ingenious to play me a treacherous Trick.

31. In this manner proceeds the judicious Vives, who in another place assigns (n) for one of the Causes of the Corruption of the Arts, the reading of Books of Chivalry: People are fond (says he) of reading Books evidently full of Lyes and Trifles, and this thro' a certain Titillation of Stile, as Amadis, and Florian, among the Spaniards; Lancelot, and the Round Table, among the French; Orlando Furioso, among the Italians: Books devis'd by idle Men and stuffed with a sort of Falsities, which contribute nothing to the Knowledge or a right Judgment of Things, or to the Uses of Life; but only serve to tickle the Concupiscence, and therefore they are read by Men corrupted by Idleness and a vicious Self-complacency: just as some squeamish Stomachs which are used to be pamper'd up, are sustain'd by certain Comfitures of Sugar and Honey, utterly rejecting all solid Food. Vives was not the only Man that complain'd of this Evil. Megia, Charles the Vth's Chronologer, and a discreet Historian of those Times, lamented it in very pathetic Terms, (o) insomuch that the Inca Garci-lasso, upon his sole Testimony, wou'd never cast an Eye upon such strange and monstrous Books. Master Vinegas, with his usual Judiciousness, says: (p) In these our Days, to the great Prejudice of modest and retir'd Maidens, are written disorderly and licentious Books of Chivalry, which are no other than the Devil's Sermon-Books with which in Holes and Corners he weds the Minds of young Women. Not to mention the Testimony of other excellent Authors, a Spanish Bishop of great Learning, and one of the foundest Divines in the Council of Trent, Melchior Cano, writes as follows: (q) Our Age hath seen a Priest who cou'd not get it out of his Head but that every Thing that was printed, must needs be True. For, said he, the Ministers of the Republick wou'd not commit so great a Wickedness, as not only to suffer Lyes to be publish'd, but also to authorize them with the Sanction of Privilege, that they may the more securely spread themselves into the Peoples Minds. Mov'd by this Argument, he came to believe, that Amadis and Clarian did really perform the Things that are related of them in their romantic fabulous Histories. What Weight this Man's Argument (tho' a simple Priest) may bear against the Ministers

(n) De Causis corruptarum Artium, Lib. II. in fine.
Constantine's Life, ch. 1.
Theologicis. Lib. II. cap. 6.

(o) Imperial & Cæsarian History. In
the Exposition of Momus, Conclusion 2.

(q) De Locis

Ministers of a Republick, this is neither a proper Place nor Time to dispute. For my own part, with great Grief I observe it, (because it is a thing, detrimental and ruinous to the Church) that in the Publication of Books, the only Precaution is that they contain no Errors against the Faith, without minding whether they have any thing in them hurtful to Morals. My principal Complaint is not about those Novels, which I just now named, tho' written without any Learning or Erudition; or such as contribute not a jot, what shall I say, to our well and happy Being, no, nor so much as to enable one to form a right Judgment of Affairs in common Life. For what Benefit can accrue to any Body from Stuff and Nonsense invented by idle unemploy'd Writers, and sought for by vicious and corrupt Readers, &c. Words worthy to be written in Letters of Gold, by which it plainly appears how great a Value Bishop Cano set upon the Opinion of Vives, whom he frequently copy'd, tho' sometimes he reproach'd him, unjustly, for secret Reasons against which had Vives liv'd, he wou'd have vindicated himself. (r) But Vives will live in the Memory of Mankind, and some time or other will have a Friend, who joining Authority with Learning, will redress the Injury which was done, and is still tolerated, against so pious a Man.

32. In the mean time let the above noticed Complaints suffice to form a Judgment of the Mischief done by Books of Knight-Errantry, which so strongly possess'd the Minds of the generality of Readers, that the Complaints, Invectives and Sermons of the most judicious, the most prudent and most zealous Men in the Nation, were unable to root them out. Nor did so immortal an Atchievement take place till it pleas'd God that *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* shou'd write (as himself tells us (s) by the Mouth of a Friend of his) *A Satyr on Books of Knight-Errantry, by publishing the HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA: The principal, if not the sole End, whereof is to destroy the Reputation of Books of Knight-Errantry, which had so greatly infatuated the major part of Mankind, especially those of the Spanish Nation.* Cervantes consider'd, that one Nail drives out another, and that most of those who inclin'd to the reading such Books were an indolent, idle, thoughtless sort of People, consequently not easy to be dissuaded from reading them by the Force of Reason, which only operates upon considerate Spirits, he judg'd the best Remedy to this Evil wou'd be a Book of a like Invention, and of an innocent Entertainment, which exceeding all the rest in Point of Mirth and Diversion, might draw in to the reading of it People of all kinds, as well Men of a deep and searching Thought, as the Ignorant and Half-witted. For the attaining of which End there was no need of a great stock of Learning; but only to clothe a well-devis'd Story in such pleasing Terms as to delight every Body. And therefore Cervantes in that most ingenious Preface, in which he so wittily satirizes the Vanity of petty Writers; after a very pleasant Confabulation between himself and a Friend, makes his Friend propose the Plan he ought to proceed upon, which is as follows: *If I know any thing of the Matter, your Book has no occasion for any sort of learned Lumber, as Quotations in the Margin, &c. for your Subject, being a Satyr on Knight-Errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither Aristotle, St. Basil, nor Cicero, ever dream'd or heard of it. These fabulous Extravagancies (of Chivalry) have nothing to do with the impartial Punctuality of true History, nor do I find any Business*
you

(r) Vives was suspected by some to be a Protestant in his Heart.
First Part.

(s) In the Preface to his

you can have either with *Astrology*, *Geometry* or *Logick*, nor to make *Sermons* or preach to People by mixing sacred Things with profane, a sort of Compound which every good Christian wou'd avoid being guilty of. Nothing but pure Nature is your Business: Her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate her, the better will be your Picture. You have no need to hunt for Philosophical Sentences, Passages out of Holy Writ, Poetical Fables, Rhetorical Orations, or Miracles of Saints. Do but take care to express your self in a plain easy manner, in well-chosen, significant and decent Terms, and to give an harmonious and easy Turn to your Periods. Study to explain your Thoughts, and set them in the truest Light, labouring, as much as possible, not to leave 'em dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible. Let your diverting Stories be express'd in diverting Terms, to kindle Mirth in the Melancholick, and heighten it in the Gay. Let Mirth and Humour be your superficial Design, tho' laid on a solid Foundation, to challenge Attention from the Ignorant, and Admiration from the Judicious; to secure your Work from the Contempt of the graver sort, and deserve the Praises of Men of Sense; keeping your Eye still fixt on the principal End of your Prospect, the Fall and Destruction of that monstrous Heap of Romances, which, tho' abhorr'd by many, have so strangely infatuated the greater part of Mankind. Mind this, and your Business is done.

33. *Cervantes* being so well instructed, let us now see, without Favour or Affection, whether he was capable of executing the Advice giv'n him.

34. In three Things consists the Perfection of a Book: Good Invention, due Disposition, and a Diction proper to the Subject.

35. The Invention of our Author is adapted to the Character of a Gentleman of no despicable Parts, which he had improv'd by reading, but at last by too much poring upon Books of Knight-Errantry, lost his Senses: and giving into the Phrenzy of imitating those strange and unaccountable Exploits he had met with in his reading, chuses for his Squire a poor labouring Man, but withal a pleasant merry-conceited Fellow; & that he may not be without a Lady, he frames one to himself in his Imagination with whom he is platonically in love. And with a view of meeting with Adventures, he, at first Alone, on his Horse, call'd by him *Rocinante*, and afterwards in his second and third Sally, with his Squire *Sancho Panza* on his Ass, call'd *Dapple*, goes forth a Knight-Erranting.

36. The Idea therefore, of *Cervantes*, and my Sense of it, as far as I can judge, are as follows. *Alonso Quixada*, a Gentleman of *la Mancha*, gave himself entirely up to the reading of Books of Knight-Errantry: A Vice very common to People addicted to Ease and brought up to nothing: Too intense an Application to Books of Chivalry dry'd up his Brain, and turn'd his Head, as it had done by another famous Rusticator, known by the Name of the *Paladin*. Which signifies, that this vain useless sort of Reading unhing'd the Judgment, rendring the Readers rash and fool-hardy, as if they had to deal with Men that were, after all, but Imaginary. Our unfortunate *Manchegan* believ'd all the Prodigies he had read were really true, and the Profession of Knights-Errant seem'd to him to be absolutely necessary to Mankind, in order to redress Grievances, and, whatever was wrong in the World, to set it right, as he used to say himself. He therefore determin'd to enter into so honourable a Fraternity, and to employ himself in Exercises so salutary to Mankind. A Disposition natural enough to Men who pre-
sume

sume upon their Valour, and are for remedying every thing out of an ostentatious Pride, without any proper Call or Obligation thereto. *Alonzo Quixada* took upon him the Title of *DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA*, and suffer'd himself to be dubb'd a Knight by an Inn-Keeper. Those who go out of their Sphere, presently think themselves extraordinary Persons: they are wont to change their Name and Stile, and if to this any exterior Mark of Honour be added, they think that People read only the Superscription, and that in the political World there are no *Lynceus's* to look into their Inside.

37. *DON QUIXOTE* stiled himself of the Territory of *LA MANCHA*, and his imaginary Lady he stiled *DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO*, a Town of *La Mancha*: The Inhabitants whereof having, 'tis said, upon some very slight occasion, thrown our Author into Prison, he, in Return, (not to say *Revenge*, because it has tended so much to the Glory of *La Mancha*) made both the Knight-Errant, and his Lady *Manchegans*, (*i. e.* Inhabitants of *la Mancha*.) That *Cervantes* (like *Nævius* who wrote two of his Plays in a Jail, *The Hariolus & Leontes*) compos'd this History within the Walls of a Prison, he confesses himself, saying: (*t*) *What can my barren and unpolish'd Understanding produce, but what is dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond Imagination? You may suppose it the Child of Disturbance, engender'd in some dismal Prison, in the very Seat of Wretchedness, and amidst all manner of Inconveniences.*

38. Next let us see what *DON QUIXOTE* does; who was now sally'd forth from his House upon a lean Horse, a true Symbol of the Weakness of his Enterprize, follow'd in his second and third Sally by *SANCHO PANZA* on his Ass, an Hieroglyphick of his Simplicity.

39. In *DON QUIXOTE* we are presented with an Heroick Madman, who fancying many Things of what he sees, to be like those he has read of, pursues the Deception of his Imagination, and engages himself in Encounters, to his thinking, glorious; but, in others Opinion, mad and extravagant: Such as those which the old Books of Chivalry relate of their imaginary Heroes: To imitate whom, we may easily see how great a share of Romance-learning was necessary in an Author who at every Step was to allude to the Atchievements of the endless Herd of Knights-Errant. *Cervantes's* Reading in this sort of fabulous History was without an Equal, as he very frequently makes appear to a Demonstration.

40. *Don Quixote*, when he is out of his mad Fits, talks very sensibly and rationally. What can exceed, what can be more worthy to be read and retained than the Discourses he makes on the golden or first Age of the World poetically describ'd? On the Condition of Soldiers and Students; on Knights, Gentlemen, and different Pedigrees; on the Use of Poetry; and, to conclude, the Political and Oeconomical Instructions he gave *Sancho Panza*, before he went to his Government of the Island * *Barataria*, are such as may be given to real Governors, who certainly ought to put them in Practice, and make them the Rule of their whole Conduct in the Discharge of their Office.

41. In *SANCHO PANZA* is represented the Simplicity of the Vulgar, who tho' they know their Errors, yet blindly pursue them. But, lest *Sancho's* Simplicity shou'd

(*t*) *Pref. of the First Part.*

* *Barato means Cheap in Spanish.*

tire the Reader, *Cervantes* makes it of the merry kind, and of a diverting Nature. No body has given a better Definition of *Sancho Panza*, than his Master *Don Quixote* has done, when speaking to the Dutchess, he says, (u) *Your Grace must know that no Knight-Errant ever had such an eternal Babler, such a Bundle of Conceit for a Squire as I have.* And on another Occasion. (x) *I assure your Grace, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant Squires that ever waited on a Knight-Errant. Sometimes he comes out with such sharp Simplicities that one is pleasantly puzzled, to judge whether he be more Knave or Fool. The Varlet, indeed, is full of Roguery enough to be thought a Knave: But then he commits such Blunders that he may better be thought a Fool. He doubts of every thing, yet believes every thing: And when one would think he had entangled himself in a piece of downright Folly, beyond recovery, he brings himself off of a sudden so cleverly, that he is applauded to the Skies. In short, I would not change him for the best Squire that wears a Head, tho' I might have a City to boot. For a Proof of the Simplicity and Pleasantry of Sancho Panza, the Braying-Adventure may suffice.* (y)

42. Such being the principal Personages of this History, it naturally follows (as *Cervantes* makes another say) (z) *That it is the Property of Don Quixote's Adventures, to create always either Surprise or Merriment: And that Sancho is (a) one of the most comical Creatures that can be.* And without speaking by the Mouth of other People, *Cervantes* himself says at the end of his first Preface: *I will not urge the Service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a Knight's Acquaintance, but only beg the Favour of some small Acknowledgment for recommending you to the Familiarity of the famous SANCHO PANZA his Squire, in whom, in my Opinion, you will find united and described all the scatter'd Endowments which the voluminous Foppery of Books of Knight-Errantry can afford to one of his Character.*

43. That the History of a Knight-Errant might not surfeit the Reader with a tiresome Uniformity and a Return of similar Adventures, which wou'd have been the Case, had it treated only of mad or foolish Occurrences, *Cervantes* introduces many Episodes, the Incidents whereof are frequent, new, and probable; the Reasonings artful, perspicuous, and efficacious; the Plot deep and mysterious, but the Issue easy, natural, and withal so agreeable, that the Mind is left in a State of Complacency, and all those Passions quieted and made calm again, which just before, had, by a singular Artifice, been put into a sort of Tumult and Anxiety. And that which is most admir'd by good Judges, is, that all these Episodes, except two, that is to say, The Novels of *The Captive*, and *The Curious Impertinent*, are wove into the main Design of the Fable, and, together with it, like a beautiful Piece of Tapestry, make one agreeable and most delightful Work.

44. When an Artist is consummately skilful in his Profession, no body knows better than himself the Perfection of his own Works. This made *Cervantes* himself say of his History: (a) *The Stories and Episodes, the various Tales and Novels with which it is intermix'd, are, in some respects as entertaining, as artful, and as authentic as the History it self.*

45. Cer-

(u) Part II. ch. 30.

(x) Ibid. ch. 32.

(y) Part II. ch. 27.

(z) Part II. ch. 44.

(a) Ibid. ch. 58.

(b) Part I. ch. 28.

45. *Cervantes*, to give the greater Probability, and Plausibility to his Invention, feigns the Author of it to have been (c) Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli, an Arabian Historiographer, a Native of *La Mancha*. He makes him of *La Mancha* that he may be suppos'd to be well acquainted with *Don Quixote's* Concerns. It is very diverting to see how *Cervantes* celebrates Cid Hamet's scrupulous Punctuality in relating even the most inconsiderable and trifling Things, as when speaking of *Sancho Panza*, bastinado'd by the *Yangesian* Carriers, he says: (d) *So breathing out thirty Lamentations, threescore Sighs, and a hundred and twenty Plagues and Poxes on those that had decoy'd him thither, he at last got upon his Legs.* And when he says of another Carrier, (e) *He was one of the richest Carriers of Arevalo, as the Moorish Author of this History relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been well acquainted with him, nay, some don't stick to say he was somewhat a-kin to him.* However it be, it appears that Cid Mahamet Benengeli was a very exact Historian, since he takes care to give us an Account of Things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable Example which those Historians shou'd follow, who usually relate Matters so concisely, that they scarce dip into them, or let their Readers have so much as a Taste of 'em, and rather seem to have left the most essential Part of the Story in the bottom of the Ink-born, either thro' Neglect, Malice, or Ignorance. A thousand Blessings then be given to the curious Author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and to that other indefatigable Sage who recorded the Achievements of Count *Tornillas*, for they have describ'd even the most minute and trifling Circumstances with a singular Preciseness! *Lucian* himself has not spoke more to the Purpose in his two Books of *True History*.

46. In another place, putting in practice this same Punctuality in specifying every the most minute Particular belonging to his Subject, *Cervantes* says, by the Mouth of Benengeli, *Don Quixote* was brought into a fair Room, where *Sancho* took off his Armour, and then the Knight appear'd in a Pair of Close Breeches, and Doublet of Shamoy Leather, all besmear'd with the Rust of his Armour. About his Neck he wore a plain Band, unstarch'd, after the manner of a Student; about his Legs sad-colour'd Spatterdashies, and on his Feet a Pair of Wax-leather Shoes: He bung his trusty Sword by his Side in a Belt of Sea-Wolf's Skin; which makes many of Opinion he had been long troubled with a Pain in the Kidneys. Over all this he clapp'd on a long Cloke of good Russet-Cloth: But first of all he wash'd his Head and Face in five Kettle-fulls of Water, if not in six; for as to the exact Number there is some Dispute. * Redundancy simple and facetious! Verisimilitudo admirable and unprecedented! Well therefore might *Cervantes* say as he does, (f) *All Persons that love to read Histories of the Nature of this, must certainly be very much oblig'd to Cid Hamet, the original Author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute Particular, distinctly, entire, without concealing the least Circumstances that might, if omitted, have obscur'd the Light and Truth of the Story. He draws lively Pictures of the Thoughts, discovers the Imaginations, satisfies Curiosity in Secrets, clears Doubts, resolves Arguments, and in short, makes manifest the least Atoms of the most inquisitive Desire! O most famous Author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O re-*

C 2

nowned

(c) *Ibid.* ch. 9. (d) *Ibid.* ch. 15. (e) *Ibid.* ch. 16. (f) *Part II.* ch. 18. * *Nimiedad* is the Word the Author uses, which I suppose he coin'd himself from the Latin *Nimietas*, as that comes from *Nimius*, too much. He means Redundancy, Over-muchness, *Nimiety* if you will. (g) *Part II.* ch. 40.

nowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! jointly and severally may you live and continue to the latest Posterity, for the general Delight and Recreation of Mankind!

47. *Cervantes* makes the Author of this History to be an *Arabian*, alluding thereby to what is believ'd by many, that the *Arabians* first infected the *Spaniards* with the Itch of Romance-making. It is certain *Aristotle*, (b) *Cornutus*, and *Priscian* (i) take notice of the *Lybian Fables*; *Lucian* adds (k) that among the *Arabians* there were Men whose Business it was to expound Fables. *Locman* who in *Mahomet's Alcoran* is so highly prais'd, is generally, and with good reason, believ'd to be *Æsop* the famous Fabulist. *Thomas Erpenius* was the first that translated his Fables into *Latin*, Anno 1625. It is very certain, the Fables of *Æsop* are adapted to the Genius of every Nation. And yet, those which are in *Greek* are not the same which *Æsop* wrote. *Phædrus*, who translated them into *Latin*, confesses his interpolating them. (l) I have them in *Spanish*, printed at *Seville* by *John Cronberger*, Anno 1533, with Interpolations and strange Additions. No wonder then the *Arabians* fitted them to their own Taste. And what greater Fable can there be than *Mahomet's Alcoran*? It is written in the manner of a Novel, that it might be the easier learn'd and the better remember'd. The Lives of the Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles, which are handed about in Writing among the *Mahometans* are stuff'd with Fables. Some of their Philosophers who took upon 'em to unfold the mysterious Dreams of the *Mahometan Doctrine*, have made entire Books in the nature of Novels. Of this kind is the History of *Hayo*, the Son *Yocdan*, of whom such prodigious Fictions and monstrous Stories are related by *Avicena*. *Leo Africanus* and *Louis del Marmol* testify, as Eye-witnesses, that the *Arabians* are so fond of Novels, that they celebrate the Atchievements of their *Bubalul* both in Prose and Verse, as our *Europeans* have done those of *Rinaldo of Montalban* and *Orlando Furioso*. And, without going out of *Spain*, those we call *Cuentos de Viejas* (Old Wives Tales) are certain short Novels made up of Enchantments and horrible Apparitions to frighten Children, and are manifestly of the Growth of *Arabia*.

48. In proof of this we may likewise add, that the first Books of Chivalry or Knight-Errantry were wrote in *Spain* at the time when the *Arabians* dwelt there. And therefore I can't help thinking *Lope de Vega* forgot himself, when he said: (m) *They us'd to call Novels by the Name of Cuentos*: He goes on: *These Cuentos, or Tales, were gotten by Heart, and repeated memoriter*: And I don't remember they were ever committed to Writing. But they were certainly committed to Writing, and *Lope* must have met with them in those same Books of Chivalry; but did not well recollect 'em, perhaps because those he had heard repeated, might not be the same. Tho' I don't deny that there are many such Tales at this day which are not written, but pass from one idle Person to another by Tradition only.

49. Well; we have a *Manchegan* and *Arabian* for the Author of this History written in *Arabick*. *Cervantes* to this adds, following the thread of his Fiction, that he got it translated out of *Arabick* into *Spanish* by a *Moor* that was Master of the *Spanish*: In reference to which, he brings in the *Bachelor Sampson Carrasco*, speaking thus to *Don Quixote*: *Blest may the Sage Cid Hamet Benengeli be, for enriching the World with the*
History

(b) In Rhetoricis. (i) In Præexercitamentis. (k) In Macrobiis. (l) Initio Lib. 2. (m) In the Dedication of his first Novel.

History of your mighty Deeds (n); and more than blest, that (o) curious Virtuoso, who took care to have it translated out of the Arabick into our vulgar Tongue, for the universal Entertainment of Mankind!

50. And in order to let it be known that the Translator likewise made his Remarks, Cervantes, as a Voucher for him, adds in a sort of Parenthesis [*The Translator of this History when he came to this fifth Chapter says, that he holds the said Chapter for Apocryphal, because Sancho Panza talks in a different sort of Stile, and uses another Mode of Locution than what might be expected from one of his mean Parts; and utters such subtil Reflexions and Aphorisms, that he the said Translator thinks it impossible for him to know any thing of such high Matters: But yet he wou'd not omit them, as thinking it his Duty to give his whole Author, and not to leave any thing untranslated that he found in the Original. (p)*] A good Lesson for such Translators as do not know that their Business is like that of Pourtrait-Painters, who deviate from their Duty, if they draw a Picture more perfect than the Original: I mean only as to the Subject-matter of the Piece: For as to the Stile, every one is to use his own Colours, and those ought to be suited to the intended Representation. This being so, I know not how to excuse Cervantes, who, in another place, makes his Translator deficient in his wonted Exactness, by saying: (q) *Here the Author inserts a long Description of every Particular in Don Diego's House, giving us an Inventory of all the Goods and Chattels, and every Circumstance peculiar to the House of a rich Country Gentleman: But the Translator presum'd that it wou'd be better to omit these little Things, and such like insignificant Matters, being foreign to the main Subject of this History, which ought to be more grounded on material Truth, than cold and insipid Digressions.* Suppose we should say, that what is a Reprehension of the Translator, is a tacit Commendation of the Punctuality and Exactness of Cervantes? Or that he meant thereby to reprove the tedious Prolixity of many Writers, who digress from their main Point and principal Subject, and dwell upon Descriptions of Palaces and the like? Both the one and the other is possible. Certain it is, that *The Novel of true and perfect Love*, ascrib'd to *Athenagoras*, gives a Disgust by the frequent Descriptions of Palaces, built with such super-abundant Art, and that *Vitruvian* too; that it is apparent he who made those Descriptions cou'd not conceal his being an Architect, since he draws the Palaces like an Artist, not a Novelist. From whence the very judicious *Huetius* inferr'd, that the Author of the above Novel was not *Athenagoras*, as was suppos'd, but *William Philander*, the noted Explainer and Illustrator of *Marcus Vitruvius*; and that his aim in that Work was to flatter the Genius of his great Patron Cardinal *Gregorio Armagnac*, who was passionately fond of Architects, and a mighty Favourer of that Profession. Neither was it possible for *Athenagoras* to paint so to the Life, as he does, the Customs of the Moderns. And it was no difficult thing to persuade *Fumeus*, the Publisher of the Novel, that the original Greek which was shew'd him, was genuine; but he ought to have made a closer Examination of it, that we might not look upon his Translation to be supposititious likewise. *Fumeus* acted a far different Part from those who when they publish any Books, which they know to be false, make great Ado and exert themselves to the utmost to induce a Belief of their being genuine, averring that they drew them from very ancient Manuscripts,

(n) *Part II. ch. 3.* (o) Michael de Cervantes Saavedra himself. (p) *Part II. ch. 5.* (q) *Ibid. ch. 13.*

scripts, written in a hand scarcely legible and much defaced by Time and the Worms; and that they were found in this or that Library (where no-body ever saw 'em) and that they acquir'd them by means of a certain Person not now living. These, and the like Artifices are what deceive your ordinary Readers; and so too does *Cervantes*, when he would make us believe that the Author of this Work was an *Arabian* Historiographer, born in *La Mancha*; and the Translator a *Moorish* Rabbi, and the Continuation of the History, by great Good-luck found and purchas'd of a young Lad that was offering to sell a Parcel of old written Papers to a Groom in a Shop on the * *Alcana* at *Toledo*. But at the time when *Cervantes* said this, there was a strong Belief current among the credulous Populace that one in *Toledo* had an *universal History*, wherein every Body found whatever they sought for or desir'd. The Author of it was suppos'd to be a very serious grave Person. And accordingly that History which treated of all Things, and a great deal more; that is, more than they desir'd who ask'd any thing of him whom they suppos'd to be the Treasurer of the Ecclesiastical Erudition, I say, that History was a Fable pregnant with many Fables, which very properly might be call'd in *French* a *Romance*, and in good *Spanish*, *Cuento de Cuentos*, a Tale of Tales: Which were so well receiv'd that there came out divers *Continuations* of them; no less applauded than those of *Amadis de Gaul*, and what is much worse, more read, and more credited, and as yet not banish'd, the Almighty reserving the Glory of that for one on whom he shou'd vouchsafe to bestow such Efficacy and Ingenuity, not only to attack but conquer both the Great-Vulgar and the Small of a whole Nation. But this is not a Subject proper to this Place: And therefore I shall postpone it till another Occasion offers.

51. Lastly, *Cervantes*, that he may not be guilty of what he reproves in other Writers of Books of Chivalry, and remembring the End he had propos'd to himself, of rendring such Fictions ridiculous and contemptible, makes *Don Quixote*, who like a Mad-man was brought home in a Cart, shut up as in a Cage, soon after recover his Senses, and frankly and Christian-like confess that all his Actions had been those of a Mad-man, and the Effects of a distemper'd Brain, and that he did them out of a Desire to imitate the Knights-Errant, a Species of Mortals purely imaginary.

52. By what has been said, the Reader may see how admirable the *Invention* of this great Work is. The *Disposition* of it is no less so; since the Images of the Persons treated of hold a due Proportion, and each fills the Place that belongs to him. The Incidents are so artfully knit together, that they call upon one another, and all of them suspend the Attention in so delightful a manner, that nothing remains to satisfy the Mind but the Event, which is equally delightful.

53. As for the *Stile*; wou'd to God the *Stile* now in use on more solemn Occasions, were as good as our Author's! In it, we see well distinguish'd and appropriated the different Kinds of speaking. *Cervantes* only makes use of old Words to represent old Things the better. He introduces very few foreign Words, and never without an absolute Necessity. He has made it appear that the *Spanish* Tongue has no need to go a begging to Strangers for Words to explain its meaning. In fine, *Cervantes's* *Stile* in this HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE is pure, natural, well-placed, sweet, and

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so correct, that there are very few *Spanish* Writers to compare with him in that respect. Well satisfy'd of this was *Cervantes* himself, since in his Dedication of the Second Part of *Don Quixote* to the *Condè de Lemos*, with an inimitable Facetiousness, with which he knew how to cover his own Praises, he says thus to him: "When, a few days ago, I sent to your Excellency my Plays, printed before they were acted, if I don't forget, I said, that *Don Quixote* had his Spurs on to go and kiss your Excellency's Hands; and now I can say he is not only be-spurr'd, but has actually begun his Journey to you, and if he reaches you, I fancy I shall have done your Excellency some Service: For I am mightily press'd by divers and sundry Persons to send him to you, in order to remove that Nauseousness and Loathing caus'd by another *Don Quixote*, who, under the Name of a Second Part, has disguis'd himself, and rambles about in a strange manner. Now he that has shewn himself most desirous of seeing my *Don Quixote*, is the Great Emperor of *China*, for about a Month ago, he sent me a Letter in the *Chinese* Tongue, by a special Messenger, desiring me, or to speak better, supplicating me, to send *Don Quixote* to him; because he was upon building and endowing a College for the learning and teaching of the *Spanish* Tongue, and that the Book us'd for that Purpose, should be the History of *Don Quixote*. Together with this he writ me Word that I should be the Head or Rector of the College. I ask'd the Bearer, if his Majesty had sent me any Thing towards defraying my Charges. He made Answer, He had no Thought of it. Why then, Friend, said I to him, you may e'en return to your *China* again the same way you came, or which way you please and when you please: For I am not in a State of Health to undertake such a long Journey. Besides, I am not only very weak in Body but more in Purse; and so I'm the Emperor's most humble Servant: In short, Emperor for Emperor, and Monarch for Monarch, to take one with t'other, and set the Hare's Head against the Goose-Giblets; there is the noble *Conde de Lemos* at *Naples*, who without any of your Head-ships or Rector-ships of Colleges, supports me, protects me, and shews me more Favour than I cou'd wish or desire. With this I dismiss him, and with this I take my Leave of, &c.

Madrid, ult. October, 1615.

54. Having thus examin'd the Perfection of this Work by Parts; and likewise seen the good Distribution, and Coherence of all the Parts one with another; it may be easily imagin'd how well such a complete Performance must be receiv'd. But as it came abroad in two separate Volumes, and at different times, 'tis fit we see how they were receiv'd, what Censures they actually underwent, and what they really do deserve.

55. The first Part was publish'd at *Madrid*, printed by *John de la Cuesta*, Anno 1605. in Quarto, dedicated to the Duke of *Bejar*: Upon whose Protection *Cervantes* congratulates himself in certain Verses written by *Urganda* the Unknown, prefix'd to the Book.

56. One of the best Proofs of the Celebrity of any Book, is the quick Sale of it, and the Call that is for it, which was such that before *Cervantes* publish'd the Second Part, he says, by the Canal of *Sampson Carrasco*: (r) *I do not in the least doubt but at this Day there have already been publish'd above Twelve Thousand Copies of it. Portugal, Barcelona,*

(r) *Part II. ch. 3.*

celona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, can witness this, if there were Occasion. 'Tis said, that it is also now in the Press at Antwerp. And I verily believe there's scarce a Language into which it is not translated, or will be translated. It fell out accordingly; so that an Account only of the several Translations of it wou'd make no small Book it self. In another place he introduces *Don Quixote*, exaggerating the Number of the printed Books of his History, thus, (s) *I have merited the Honour of the Press in almost all the Nations of the World. Thirty Thousand Volumes of my History have been printed already, and Thirty Thousand Millions more are like to be printed, if Heaven prevent not.* In another place the Dutches (whose Territories, as yet, no Man has been able to find out) speaking of the History of *Don Quixote*, says, *It was lately publish'd with the universal Applause of all Mankind.* Much better has the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco deliver'd himself concerning this History, speaking of it to *Don Quixote* himself: (t) *In it, says he, every thing is so plain, there's not the least Iota but what any one may understand. Children handle it, Youngsters read it, Men understand it, and old People applaud it. In short, it is universally so thumb'd, so glean'd, so studied, and so known, that if the People do but see a lean Horse, they presently cry, There goes Rozinante. But none apply themselves to the reading of it more than your Pages: There's ne'er a Nobleman's Anti-chamber where you shan't find a Don Quixote. No sooner has one laid it down, but another takes it up. One asks for it here, and there 'tis snatch'd up by another. In a word, 'tis esteem'd the most pleasant and least dangerous Diversion that ever was seen, as being a Book that does not betray the least indecent Expression, nor so much as a profane Thought.* Much reason therefore had Sancho Panza to make this Prophecy: (u) *I'll lay you a Wager, quoth Sancho, that before we be much older, there will not be an Inn, a Hedge-Tavern, a blind Viſtualling-House, nor a Barber's-Shop in the Country, but what will have the Story of our Lives and Deeds pasted and painted along the Walls.* Accordingly we have seen this come to pass, and much more; for not only in Taverns, and private Houses are the Books of *Don Quixote* to be found, but in the choicest Libraries, whose Owners are proud of having the first Editions of it. The most eminent Painters, Tapeſtry-makers, Engravers and Sculptors are employ'd in representing his History, to adorn, with its Figures, the Houses and Palaces of noble Lords and great Princes. *Cervantes*, even in his Life-time, obtain'd the Glory of having his Work receive the Royal Approbation. As King Philip III. was standing in a Balcony of his Palace at Madrid, and viewing the Country, he observ'd a Student on the Margin of the River *Manzanares* reading in a Book, and from time to time breaking off and knocking his Forehead with the Palms of his Hands, with extraordinary Tokens of Pleasure and Delight, upon which the King said to those about him: *That Scholar is either mad, or reading the History of Don Quixote.* The King was presently made acquainted by the Courtiers, that That was really the Book he was reading: For Courtiers are very forward to recommend themselves to their Master's Favour, by taking all Opportunities of flattering his Judgment in things of little Concern. But none of them all would solícite a moderate Pension for *Cervantes* to keep him from starving! And therefore I don't know well how to take that Parable of the Emperor of China. It is certain, *Cervantes*, while he liv'd, was very much oblig'd

(s) *Ibid.* ch. 16.(t) *Part II.* ch. 3.(u) *Part II.* ch. 71.

lig'd to Foreigners, and but very little to *Spaniards*. The former prais'd and honour'd him without Measure. The latter not only made no account of him, but despis'd him, nay abus'd him with Satire and Invektive both publick and private.

57. That this Truth may not be left to the Reader's Courtesy to believe as much or as little of it as he pleases, let us produce our Vouchers. The Licenciate *Marquez Torres* in the Approbation sign'd by him, and prefix'd to the Second Part of the History of *Don Quixote*, after a most just Censure of the bad Books of his Time, has these Words: "Very different Sentiments have been entertain'd of *Michael de Cervantes's* Writings, as well by our own Nation, as Strangers; for the latter croud to see, as they wou'd a Miracle, the Author of Books which *Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders* have receiv'd with general Applause, as well on account of their Decorum, Propriety and Decency, as the Sweetness and Agreeableness of the Language. I do, with truth, hereby certify, that on the Twenty-fifth Day of *February* of this present Year 1615, the most illustrious Lord *Bernardo de Sandoval & Roxas*, Cardinal, Archbishop of *Toledo*, receiving a visit paid him by the Ambassador of *France*, several *French* Gentlemen who accompany'd the Ambassador, no less courteous than learned and lovers of polite Literature, came to me and other Chaplains of my Lord Cardinal, desiring to know what Books of Wit and Ingenuity were most in vogue: And happening to touch upon that which I had before me to examine, they no sooner heard the Name of *Michael de Cervantes*, but they began to ask a great many Questions, magnifying the Esteem which not only *France* but the neighbouring Kingdoms had for his Works, *THE GALATEA*, which some of them had almost by heart, *THE FIRST PART* of this History, and *THE NOVELS*. Their Exaggerations and Raptures were so great that I offer'd to carry them to see the Author of those Pieces. They said, If I wou'd give my self that Trouble, they shou'd be infinitely oblig'd to me. Then they ask'd me very minutely concerning his Age, his Profession, Quality and Quantity. I found my self oblig'd to say, that he was Old, a Soldier, a Gentleman, and Poor. To which one of them answer'd in these very words, Why does not *Spain* heap Riches upon such a Man? Why is he not maintain'd out of the publick Revenue? Another of the Gentlemen struck in here, and said with a great deal of Sharpness, if Necessity obliges him to write, I pray God he may never know what it is to be otherwise than necessitous, to the end that he, being poor, may make the World rich with his Works. I fancy somebody will censure this Censure, and say 'tis not only a little of the longest, but likewise favours of Flattery, but the Truth of what I but briefly relate, ought to remove the Critick's Suspicions, as it does my own Fears of being thought guilty of Adulation. Besides, now-a-days no Body is flatter'd that wants the Wherewithal to oil the Flatterer's Tongue, who expects to be rewarded in earnest for the Falsities he utters in jest.

The Reader will think that he who said all this, was the Licenciate *Francisco Marquez Torres*; no such Matter: It was *Michael Cervantes Saavedra's* own self: For that Licenciate's Stile is altogether Metaphorical, Affect'd, and Pedantic, witness the *Consolatory Discourses* he wrote to the Duke of Uceda on the Death of his Son: Whereas the Stile of the above Approbation is pure, natural, and courtly; and so wholly like Cer-

vantes, that there's not a word in it different from his way of writing. The Licenciado was one of the Cardinal's Chaplains and Master of the Pages; and (x) *Cervantes* was greatly favour'd by his Eminence: So there's no doubt of their being intimate Friends and Acquaintance.

58. This Friendship being suppos'd, it was not much for *Cervantes* to take such a liberty. Let therefore the Licenciado *Torres* be satisfy'd with *Cervantes*'s making him a Sharer in the Glory of his Stile: And let us see what reason *Cervantes* had for speaking, as they say, *by the Mouth of a Goose*. He had no other Design but to set forth an Idea of his Work, the Esteem, It and its Author were held in Abroad, and the Neglect and Disregard he met with at Home.

59. Having given an Account of the Entertainment our Author and his Work met with both in *Spain* and in foreign Countries, we will now see what End he tells us he propos'd to himself in writing it: And this he intimates to us two ways, positively and negatively, by telling us, How it is written, and how it is not written: All which is contain'd in the above *Approbation* (or *Censure*) of this Second Part equal in every respect to the First, considering the Difficulty there is in carrying on a Fiction, already so perfect, as to be reckon'd happily finish'd and completed. *I do not find in it* (says the above Censor) *any thing unbecoming a zealous Christian, or contrary to the Respect due to moral Virtues and the Excellence of a good Example: Rather, much Erudition and useful Instruction, for the extirpating the vain romantic Books of Chivalry, the Contagion whereof was spread beyond all Bounds; as likewise for the improving and polishing the Spanish Tongue, as not being adulterated with a fulsom studied Affectation (so justly abhorred by all Men of Sense): Then, as for what concerns the Correction of Vice in general, the Author is not sparing of Reproofs and very sharp ones too: But when he descends to Particulars, he is so observant of the Laws of Christian Reprehension that the very Patient himself who is to suffer the Operation, or take the Physick which is to cure his Infirmities, will be delighted rather than disgusted, with the method our Author takes to bring him to a Detestation of the Vices and Distempers he labours under. There have been many, who not knowing how to temper and mix the Utile with the Dulce, the profitable with the pleasant, have seen all their Labour lost and come to nothing; for, not being able to imitate Diogenes as a Philosopher and Scholar, they boldly (not to say impudently and blindly) pretend to imitate him as a Cynick, giving themselves up to a Licentiousness of slandering and being scurrilous; inventing Cases which never happen'd, to shew how capable they are by their bitter Rebukes to cure Vice; tho' perhaps at the same time they point out Paths to follow it till then unknown; and so become, if not Correctors, at least Masters, of it. They make themselves odious to Men of Understanding; with the Populace they lose their Credit (if they had any) necessary for getting their Writings admitted among them; and the Vices which they rashly and indiscreetly go about to correct, remain in a far worse Condition than they were in before: For not all Imposthumes indiscriminately are at the same time dispos'd for admitting Recipes and Cauteries: Some Constitutions require mild and gentle Medicines, by which a cautious and learned Physician will discuss and resolve the Ailment, which is oftentimes better than to apply the Steel and Fire to it. A Censure, certainly worthy of a Man of *Cervantes*'s sound Judgment and Moderation of Mind.*

60. Very

(x) See Pref. to Part II. of *Don Quixote*.

60. Very different were those made against him by his Adversaries, suffering themselves to be hurry'd away by the Perverseness of a bad Mind, and an Itch of Slander and Abuse: but yet of such a Sort, that he himself, against whom they were levell'd, took a Pride in relating them. For thus he tells us in *His Voyage to Parnassus*. *When I was at Valladolid, a Letter was brought to my House, charg'd a Real (Sixpence) Carriage: A Niece of mine took it in and paid the Carriage, which she should not have done; but she gave for an Excuse, That she had often heard me say, In three Things one's Money is well laid out: In bestowing Alms, in paying a good Physician, and in Carriage of Letters, whether they come from Friends or Enemies; for Letters of Friends advise us for our Good, and those of Enemies may serve to put us upon our Guard against Evil. She gave me the Letter, in which was inclosed a wretched Sonnet, without any Spirit or the least Tincture of Wit, but full of Abuse against Don Quixote, but that gave me no Concern; what next me was the Sixpence, and from that Day forward I resolv'd to take in no Letters, without Carriage paid.*

61. More nettled was Cervantes at another Enemy of his *Don Quixote*; for he described him so to the Life, that one may easily perceive how highly he was provoked. All that's known of this Person is, that he was a Monk; but not what Monk, or of what Order; and so we may e'en give a Copy of his Picture here: (y) *The Duke and Dutchess came as far as the Door of the Hall to receive him (Don Quixote) and with them a grave Clergyman, one of those that assume to govern Great Mens Houses, and who, not being * nobly born themselves, don't know how to instruct those that are, but would have the Liberality of the Great measured by the Narrowness of their own Souls, making those whom they govern stingy, when they pretend to teach 'em Frugality. One of these in all likelihood was this grave Ecclesiastick, who came with the Duke to receive Don Quixote. The Reception of Don Quixote by the Monk, and his snappish shocking Carriage towards him, will be seen at full in the Book it self. And so leaving the Censures which are occult and secret, we will now speak of those which were open and barefaced.*

62. The first Part of the *History of Don Quixote* being publish'd, as we said, and so well receiv'd, and so often printed and reprinted, there was not wanting in Spain a Person that out of Envy to Cervantes's Reputation, and Covetouness to make a Gain of his Books, presumptuously took upon him to write and publish a Continuation of this inimitable History, even in the Author's Life-time, and while he was preparing his Second Part for the Press. The Title he gave his Book was this:

63. *The Second Volume of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, containing his Third Sally: compos'd by the Licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a Native of Tordefillas. Inscríb'd to the Alcalde (Bayliff) Regidores (Aldermen) and Gentlemen of the noble Town of Argamesilla, the happy Country of Don Quixote de la Mancha Knight and Gentleman. With License; in Tarragona at the Printing-Office of Philip Roberto, Año 1614. In 8vo.*

64. *Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda* was neither the true Name of the Author of this Work, nor was he a Native of *Tordefillas*, a noted Town of Old Castile; but an *Arragonian*; since *Cervantes*, whom we must suppose to be well inform'd, calls him so on various Occasions. In one he calls this Continuation (z) *The History which the Arra-*

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gonian

(y) Part II. ch. 31.

* Gentlemen are called Noble in Spain.

(z) Part. II. ch. 61.

gonian lately publish'd. In another, he says of it (a) *It is the Second Part of the History of Don Quixote; not that which was compos'd by Cid Hamet, the Author of the First, but by a certain Arragonian, who professes himself a Native of Tordefillas.* And tho' Cervantes in another Place calls him *Autor Tordillesco*; it was only in Compliance with the Fiction of his suppos'd Country, and perhaps to ridicule him by a witty equivocating Allusion to the Words *Rocin Tordillo*, (which is Spanish for a Flea-bitten Jade of a Horse): as if he had said, *Autor Arrocinado*. Upon the Supposition therefore that the Work was written in *Tordefillas*, and printed in *Tarragona*, as is declar'd by the *Approbation* to the Book, and the *License* for printing it: we shall easily understand Cervantes's Words in the *Beginning* of his very ingenious *Preface* to his *Second Part*, alluding to the Fiction of the Country, and the Reality of its being printed in *Tarragona*. He says: *Bless me! Reader, gentle or simple, whoever you be, how impatiently by this time must you expect this Preface, supposing it to be nothing but revengeful Inveectives against the Author of the Second Don Quixote: But I must beg your Pardon; for I shall say no more of him than every body says, That Tordefillas is the Place where he was Begotten, and Tarragona the Place where he was Born; and though it be universally said, that even a Worm when trod upon will turn again, yet I'm resolv'd for once to cross the Proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him Coxcomb, Fool and Madman; but I'm of another Mind; and so let his Folly be its own Punishment.* And a little farther: *Metbinks, Reader, I hear you blame me for shewing so little Resentment, and using him so gently; but pray consider, 'tis not good to bear too hard upon a Man that is so over modest and so much in Affliction: For certainly this Noble Person's Affliction must be very Grand, since he dare not appear in the open Field and in the Face of the Sun, but conceals his Name, and counterfeits his Country, as if he had been guilty of High-Treason.* These Words *Noble Person* and *Grand*, are to me mysterious, I confess: but, waving that, I am persuaded, that Cervantes's Enemy was very powerful, since an Author and a Soldier, bold and dextrous both at his Pen and Sword, did not dare to name him. Unless upon second Thoughts he was so vile and despicable a Fellow, that Cervantes did not care the World should know his Name, and the Wretch thereby become famous tho' for Infamy.

65. *Don Nicolas Antonio* was of Opinion this Author had not a Genius for continuing such a Work. That's but a small matter. He had neither a Genius nor Ingenuity for so difficult an Undertaking. He had no Genius, for that supposes Ingenuity or Wit; since as was said by the Dutchess who honour'd *Don Quixote* so highly, (b) *Merry Conceits are not the Offspring of a dull Brain*: And such was that of the *Arragonian* Author whose Legend is unworthy of any Reader that values either his Reputation or his Time. For to write with Beauty, requires bright Parts, and a sound Judgment, which our *Arragonian* was an utter Stranger to. He could not so much as invent with any Appearance of Verisimilitude. Having ventur'd upon continuing the History of *Don Quixote*, he ought to have imitated the Characters of the Persons whom Cervantes has feigned, and preserv'd Decorum, which is the greatest Perfection of Art. Lastly, his Learning is Pedantick, and his Stile full of Improperities, Solecisms, and Barbarisms, harsh, uncouth and unpleasant: and in fine, every way deserving the Contempt it has

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(a) *Part II. ch. 70.*(b) *Part II. ch. 30.*

met with; for it has been put to the vilest Uses, and nothing but its being scarce cou'd make it of any Estimation. Infomuch that having been reprinted at *Madrid* in 1614, now (*viz.* in 1732) 118 Years ago, no Man of Sense or Taste has valu'd it any other than as waste Paper. In 1704 was printed at *Paris* a Book call'd a *Translation* of this Work in the *French* Tongue: But the Disposition and Order is alter'd, many things left out, and many more added; and these have indeed brought some little share of Credit to its first Author.

66. He cou'd conceal his Name, but not his Malice, nor his Avarice; having had the Insolence, in his Preface, to express himself in these Terms: *Here is continued the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha with the same Authority with which Michael de Cervantes Saavedra began it, together with a Copy of authentic Relations, which came to his Hand (I say Hand, not Hands, since he himself owns he has but one, and seeing he speaks so much of all other People, we have this to say of him, that as a Soldier and an old Man for Age, but a Boy for Briskness, he has more Tongue than Hands): But I leave him to his Complaints of my taking the Bread out of his Mouth by this Second Part.* Not to insist upon the Ungrammaticalness (in *Spanish*) of this whole Period, for which a School-boy wou'd be soundly whip'd: Let us hear another of his Reprehensions, and that is, concerning the inculpable Old-age of *Cervantes*, his Condition, Poverty and Persecutions; and I must beg the Reader's Patience in suffering the senseless impertinent Bible-babble of a ridiculous Pedant, for he cou'd be no other to say as he does: *Michael de Cervantes is already as old as the Castle of San Cervantes, and so peevish with Age that he is offended at every Thing and with every Body, and thereby become so destitute of Friends, that when he wou'd adorn his Books with Commendatory Sonnets, he was forced (as he says) to write 'em himself and father 'em on Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapisond, because, mayhap, he cou'd not find a Man of any Note in Spain, but wou'd be affronted at his taking his Name in his Mouth. God grant that he may find an Asylum in the Church. Let him rest satisfy'd with his GALATEA and his COMEDIES in Prose, and not trouble us with any more of his NOVELS.* * *St. Thomas teaches that Envy is an Uneasiness at another's Man's Happiness. A Doctrine which he took from St. John Damascenus. The Offspring of this Vice St. Gregory tells us, are Surmisings, Whisperings, Detraction of ones Neighbour, Rejoycings at his Misfortunes, Sorrowings for his Good-fortune: Well therefore is this Sin called Invidia à non videndo, quia Invidus non potest videre bona aliorum: All which Effects are as Infernal as their Cause, and directly contrary to those of Christian Charity, of which St. Paul says, 1 Corinth. xiii. Caritas patiens est, benigna est, non æmulator, non agit perperam: non inflatur, non est ambitiosa, congaudet Veritati, &c. But the Dismalness of his First Part is imputed to its being writ within the Walls of a Prison: And therefore it cou'd not but be Unpleasant, Cholerick, Impatient, Harsh and Querulous, as People in a Prison are apt to be.*

67. If we shou'd ask this Man what cou'd move him to use such insulting shameless Expressions; we shall find throughout his whole Preface no other Cause but that he and *Lopé de Vega* were censur'd in the History of *Don Quixote*. His Words are these: *He will at least allow we have both of us one and the same End in view, which is to ba-*
nish

* *Aquinas I suppose he means.*

nish and destroy the pernicious Books of Knight-Errantry, so much sought for by the Ignorant and the Idle. We differ indeed in the Means; for the Course he has taken is by affronting not me alone, but another Person who is so justly celebrated by the most distant Nations, (This is *Lopé de Vega*) and to whom our own is so highly oblig'd for having so many Years in the most laudable and abundant manner kept up the Spanish Stage with surprising and numberless Plays, with all the Strictness of Art that the People wish for or desire, and with that Innocence and Decency as became a Minister of the Holy Office. (c) *Lopé de Vega* was a * Familiar of the Holy Office.

68. It is very natural for ignorant People, when they are reprov'd, to ground the Wrong they imagine they suffer by being criticis'd, in the Censure pass'd on other great Men, to the end that such as are passionately fond of these latter may be exasperated against the Censurer. *Lopé de Vega* was in his Time, and even at this Time, the Prince of the Spanish Drama. To Censure a Writer of his Reputation, is, as it were, a laying Hands on a sacred Person.

69. But *Lopé* who knew himself to be but Flesh and Blood any more than other Writers, like a wise Man took in good Part the Censures pass'd upon him with Truth and a good Intention, and endeavour'd to make Advantage of, and improve by, the Knowledge of his Errors. In proof of this, let it suffice to relate the very Thing which gave Occasion to this ill-judging Arragonian Author to complain so *mal-à-propos*, and to rail so much as he does.

70. *Lopé de Vega* was found fault with by many for composing Plays not adjusted to the Rules of Art. I hold it for Certain that *Cervantes* was one of his strongest Censurers. *Lopé* made it his Business to excuse himself the best he cou'd, which was, by imputing many of his Faults and Negligences to his being forc'd to humour the People; and seeing himself hard prest, he stuck not to affirm, That the new Circumstances of the Times requir'd a new sort of Comedies: As if the Nature of Things were mutable by any Accident whatsoever. The Controversy rose so high that the Poetic Academy of *Madrid* order'd *Lopé de Vega* to write down and set forth what he had to say for himself. Upon which he wrote a Discourse (in Verse) intituled, *A new Art of writing Plays for the present Time*. Being a frank open-hearted ingenuous Man he confess'd his Faults, but gilded 'em over in the best manner he cou'd, as follows:

Choice Wits of Spain, you charge me to write down

THE ART OF MAKING PLAYS TO PLEASE THE TOWN.

A Task not hard to me, much less to you

Who that and all things else know how to do.

But what I'm chiefly charg'd with on My Part,

Is that I write 'em WITHOUT ANY ART.

It is not that I'm ignorant of the Rules;

For those, thank God, I learn'd 'em in the Schools

Before I had, twice five times, seen the Sun

His Course from Aries unto Pisces run.

But

(c) D. Nic. Antonius in Biblioth. Hisp. * Persons of the greatest Quality in Spain take it as an Honour to be admitted to this Title of Familiars to the Inquisition.

*But, to speak Truth, I found that Spanish Plays
Upon the foot they're manag'd now-a-days,
Are vastly diff'rent from the ancient Plan
Laid down by those who first the Art began :
For now a Set of barb'rous unlearn'd Elves
Have so ingroft the Publick to themselves
And vitiated their Taste, that 'tis in vain
For one to write in any other Strain,
Or think to stem the Torrent of the many,
Unless he means to live without a Penny.
The Town's so fond of senseless stupid Farce,
So blind to Art, to Reason so averse,
That they're resolv'd to give nor Bread nor Bays
To him that shall exhibit reg'lar Plays.*

*Some Pieces for the Stage I've writ, 'tis true,
Wherein, undeviating, I did pursue
The Rules of Art, known to the judging few :
But when I see, without or Head or Tail
A well-dress'd Inconsistency prevail,
And how both Men and Women run in Crouds
To admire a Monster wrapt in shining Clouds,
I follow Custom, barb'rous as it is,
And when I am to write a Comic Piece,
I lock the Precepts up with six strong Keys.
Terence and Plautus too I strait transfer
Elsewhere, and never let 'em once come near
My Study, lest they shou'd in Judgment rise
And persecute me with their Critic Cries ;
For Truth is apt in Books to make a Noise.
And thus the Rules I write by were found out
By those who make their Court to th' Rabble-Rout :
For as the Vulgar for their Pleasure pay,
It is but just to please them their own way.*

A little further he says :

*Believe me, Sirs, I was not much inclin'd
Some of th' aforesaid Things to bring to mind ;
But you yourselves had order'd me t' explain
The ART OF MAKING COMEDIES IN SPAIN,
Where, if my Thoughts I freely may impart,
All that are writ are CONTRARY TO ART.*

The same thing he owns a little afterwards :

*But since so far from Art we Spaniards stray,
Let learned Men say Mum, and go their way.*

And

And this very Man, who by the most learned and judicious part of Mankind is esteem'd the Prince of the *Spanish Drama* (for as for *D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca* he is not to compare with him either for Invention or Stile) concludes his ART thus :

*Not one of all these Writers can I call
More barb'rous than my self, who first of all
Presum'd to act a most advent'rous Part,
Daring to lay down Precepts against Art;
Humouring the Mob so far beyond all Rule,
As to be call'd by Foreigners a Fool.
But what can scribbling Devils do? Or how
Can poor Pilgarlick shun his Fate, I trow?
So many Plays were hardly ever writ
By one Man as by me, take Wit for Wit:
So large the number that but one Play more,
Just finish'd, makes four Hundred Eighty Four.
From which deducting six, the other part
Have grievously offended against Art.
Howe'er, I must maintain the Plays I've writ
Because they Me maintain'd, Wit or no Wit.
They might have been made better, I confess,
But then I'm sure they wou'd have pleas'd much less:
Since oftentimes what's mere Bombast and Rant
Delights, because it is Extravagant.*

71. Here we have *Lopé de Vega* owning the Charge before the Year, 1602, for in that Year he printed his *New Art*, if an Academical Discourse so contrary to it, may deserve that Name. Let us now see how just, and how moderate *Cervantes* was in the Censure he pass'd on the bad Comic Writers of his Time, not on *Lopé de Vega*, for whom he had a due Respect, contenting himself with only reprehending (without naming him) the very Thing he publicly confest himself Guilty of. This Discourse of *Cervantes* is in my Opinion the happiest he ever writ; and therefore I am confident the Reader will not be displeas'd if I repeat it here. I take it for granted, *Cervantes* means no body but himself by the Canon of *Toledo*, whose Person he assumes, and in whose Name he Addresses himself to the celebrated Curate *Pero Perez*, in the following Terms. * (d) "I must confess, I was once tempted to write a Book of Knight-Errantry my self, observing all those Rules: and, to speak the truth, I writ above an hundred Pages, which, for a better trial, whether they answer'd my Expectation, I communicated to learned and judicious Men fond of those Subjects, as well as to some of those ignorant Persons who only are delighted with Extravagancies: And they all gave me a satisfactory Approbation. And yet I made no further Progress, as well in regard I look'd upon it to be a thing no way agreeable with my Profession, as because I am sensible the illiterate are much more numerous than the learn'd :

* The Translator of this Life has taken due care to make all these Quotations conformable to *Cervante's* true Sense, by rectifying some considerable Mistakes and Oversights which have hitherto escap'd the Notice not only of himself but of all the Translators as well as the generality of Readers.

(d) Part I. ch. 21.

“ learned : And since it is better to be commended by the small number of the Wise,
 “ than to make Sport for the ignorant Multitude, I will not expose my self to the
 “ confus’d Judgment of the giddy Vulgar, whose principal Business it is to read such Books.
 “ But the greatest motive I had to lay aside and think no more of finishing it, was
 “ the Argument that I form’d to my self, deduc’d from the Plays now usually acted :
 “ For, thought I, if Plays now in use, as well those which are altogether of the
 “ Poets Invention, as those which are grounded upon History, be all of them, or at
 “ least, the greatest Part, made up of most absurd Extravagancies and Incoherences :
 “ And yet the multitude sees them with Satisfaction, approves them and esteems them
 “ for Good, tho’ they are far from being so : And if the Poets who write, and (e) the
 “ Players who act them, say they must be so contriv’d and no otherwise, because
 “ they please the generality of the Audience : And if those which are regular and ac-
 “ cording to Art, serve only to please half a Score judicious Persons who understand
 “ them, while the rest of the Company cannot reach the Contrivance, nor know any
 “ thing of the Matter : And therefore the Poets and Actors say, they had rather get
 “ their Bread by the greater number, than the Applause of the less : Then may I
 “ conclude the same will be the Success of this Book : So that when I have rack’d my
 “ Brains to observe the Rules, I shall reap no other Advantage, than to be laugh’d at
 “ for my Pains. I have sometimes endeavour’d to convince the Actors that they are
 “ deceiv’d in their Opinion, and they will draw more Company, and get better Cre-
 “ dit by regular Plays than by those preposterous Representations now in use : But
 “ they are so positive in their Humour, that no Strength of Reason, nor ev’n De-
 “ monstration, can divert them from their Conceit. I remember I once was talking
 “ to one of those obstinate Fellows : Do you not remember, said I, that within these
 “ few Years three Tragedies were acted in *Spain*, written by a famous Poet of ours,
 “ which were so excellent, that they surpriz’d, delighted, and rais’d the Admiration
 “ of all that saw them, as well the Ignorant and Ordinary People, as the Criticks
 “ and Men of Quality : And the Actors got more by those Three, than by Thirty of
 “ the best that have been writ since ? Doubtless, Sir, said the Actor, you mean the
 “ Tragedies of ISABELLA, PHYLLIS, and ALEXANDRA. The very same,
 “ I reply’d, and do you judge whether they observed the Rules of the Drama, and
 “ whether by doing so they lost any thing of their Esteem, or fail’d of pleasing all
 “ sorts of People. So that the Fault lies not in the Audiences, desiring Absurdities,
 “ but in those who know not how to give them any thing else. Nor was there any
 “ thing preposterous in several other Plays, as for Example, INGRATITUDE
 “ REVENG’D, NUMANTIA, THE AMOROUS MERCHANT, and THE
 “ FAVOURABLE ENEMY, nor in some others, compos’d by judicious Poets
 “ to their Honour and Credit, and to the Advantage of those that acted them.
 “ Much more I added, which, in my Opinion, somewhat confounded, but no way
 “ satisfy’d or convinc’d him, so as to change his erroneous Opinion. You have
 “ touch’d upon a Subject, Sir, said the Curate, which has awaken’d in me an old
 “ Aversion I have for the Plays now in use, which is not inferior to that I bear to
 “ Books of Knight-Errantry. For whereas Plays, according to the Opinion of *Cicero*,
 e ought

(e) See what *Lopé de Vega* says before.

" ought to be Mirrors of human Life, Patterns of good Manners, and the very Re-
 " presentative of Truth: Those now acted are Mirrors of Absurdities, Patterns of
 " Follies, and Images of Leudness. For instance, what can be more absurd, than for
 " the same Person to be brought on the Stage a Child in Swadling-Bands, in the first
 " Scene of the first Act, and to appear in the Second grown a Man? What can be
 " more ridiculous than to represent to us a fighting old Fellow, a cowardly Youth,
 " a rhetorical Footman, a politick Page, a churlish King, and an unpolish'd Prin-
 " cefs? What shall I say of their regard to the || Time in which those Actions they
 " represent, either might or ought to have happen'd, having seen a Play, in
 " which the first Act began in *Europe*, the second in *Asia*, and the third ended in
 " *Africk*? Probably, if there had been * another Act, they would have carry'd it into
 " *America*: And thus it would have been acted in the four Quarters of the World.
 " But if Imitation is to be a principal Part of the Drama, how can any tolerable
 " Judgment be pleas'd, when representing an Action that happen'd in the Time of
 " King *Pepin* or *Charlemain*, they shall attribute it to the Emperor *Heraclius*, and
 " bring him in carrying the Cross into *Jerusalem*, and recovering the Holy Sepul-
 " chre, like *Godfry* of *Bouloigne*, there being a vast distance of Time betwixt those
 " Actions. Thus they will clap together Pieces of true History in a Play of their
 " own framing and grounded upon Fiction, mixing in it Relations of things that have
 " happen'd to different People and in several Ages. This they do without any
 " Contrivance that might make it the more probable, and with such visible Mistakes as
 " are altogether inexcusable: But the worst of it is, that there are Ideots who look upon
 " this as Perfection, and think every thing else to be mere Pedantry. But if we look into
 " the pious Plays, what a multitude of false Miracles shall we find in them, how many
 " Errors and Contradictions, how often the Miracles wrought by one Saint attributed
 " to another? Nay, ev'n in the prophane Plays, they presume to work Miracles up-
 " on the bare Imagination and Conceit that such a supernatural Work, or a Machine,
 " as they call it, will be ornamental, and draw the common Sort to see the Play.
 " These things are a Reflection upon Truth it self, a depreciating and less'ning of
 " History, and a Reproach to all *Spanish* Wits: Because Strangers, who are very ex-
 " act in observing the Rules of the Drama, look upon us as an ignorant and a bar-
 " barous People, when they see the Absurdities and Extravagancies of our Plays. Nor
 " would it be any Excuse to alledge, that the principal Design of all good Govern-
 " ments, in permitting Plays to be publicly acted, is to amuse the Commonalty with
 " some lawful Recreation, and so to divert those ill Humours which Idleness is apt
 " to breed; and that since this End is attain'd by any sort of Plays, whether good
 " or bad, it is needless to prescribe Laws to them, or oblige the Poets or Actors to
 " compose and represent such as are strictly conformable to the Rules. I answer, that
 " this End propos'd would be far better and sooner attain'd by good Plays than by
 " bad ones. He who sees a Play that's regular and answerable to the Rules of Poe-
 " try, is delighted with the Comic-part, inform'd by the Serious, surpriz'd at the
 " variety of Accidents, improv'd by the Language, warn'd by the Frauds, instructed
 " by

|| I suppose the Author means Place, not Time.
 have only three Jornadas or Acts.

* 'Tis to be observ'd that the Spanish Plays

“ by Examples, incens’d against Vice, and enamour’d with Virtue ; for a good Play
 “ must cause all those Emotions in the Soul of him that sees it, tho’ he were never so
 “ insensible and unpolish’d. And it is absolutely impossible that a Play which has
 “ all these Qualifications, should not infinitely divert, satisfy and please beyond ano-
 “ ther that wants them, as most of them do which are now usually acted. Neither
 “ are the Poets who write them in Fault, for some of them are very sensible of their
 “ Errors, (f) and extremely capable of performing their Duty. But Plays being now
 “ altogether become venal and a sort of Merchandize, they say and with reason,
 “ (g) that the Actors wou’d not purchase them unless they were of that Stamp ; and
 “ therefore the Poet endeavours to suit the Humour of the Actors, who are to pay
 “ him for his Labour. For proof of this, let any Man observe that infinite number
 “ of Plays compos’d by an exuberant *Spanish* Wit (h) so full of Gaiety and Humour,
 “ in such elegant Verse and choice Language, so sententious ; and to conclude, in
 “ such a majestick Stile, that his Fame is spread thro’ the Universe : Yet because he
 “ suited himself to the Fancy of the Actors, many of his Pieces have fal’n short of
 “ their due Perfection (i), tho’ some have reach’d it. Others write Plays so incon-
 “ siderately, that after they have appear’d on the Stage, the Actors have been forc’d
 “ to fly and abscond, for fear of being punish’d, as it has often happen’d, for having
 “ affronted Kings, and dishonour’d whole Families. These, and many other ill Con-
 “ sequences which I omit, would cease by appointing an intelligent and judicious Per-
 “ son at Court to examine all Plays, before they were acted, that is, not only those
 “ which are represented at Court, but throughout all *Spain* : So that, without his
 “ Licence, no Magistrate should suffer any Play to appear in Publick. Thus Players
 “ would be careful to send their Plays to Court, and then might act them with Safe-
 “ ty, and those who write them be more circumspect, in standing in awe of an Exa-
 “ miner that could judge of their Works. By these Means we should be furnish’d
 “ with good Plays, and the End they are design’d for would be attain’d, the People
 “ diverted, the *Spanish* Wits esteem’d, the Actors secur’d, and the Government sav’d
 “ the trouble of punishing them. And if the same Person, or another, were intrusted
 “ to examine all new Books of Knight-Errantry, there is no doubt but some might
 “ be publish’d with all that Perfection You, Sir, have mention’d, to the increase of
 “ Eloquence in our Language, to the utter Extirpation of the old Books, which
 “ would be borne down by the new ; and for the innocent Pastime, not only of idle
 “ Persons, but of those who have most Employment, for the Bow cannot always
 “ stand bent, nor can human Frailty subsist without some lawful Recreation.

72. Can *Plato’s Dialogues* be more solid, more prudential, or more satisfactory ? Were that Philosopher’s Desires more laudable ; his Intentions better calculated for the general Good ? Was it possible for *Cervantes’s* Censure to be more rational, more equitable, more modest ? It is couch’d in such Terms, that *Lopé de Vega* was not in the least offended at it ; on the contrary, whenever he had occasion to say any thing of *Cervantes*, he wrote with great Estimation of his Parts and Person.

c 2

73. But

(f) Such was *Lopé de Vega*, for one. (g) *Lopé* himself, in his *New Art*, says so. (h) The same *Lopé de Vega*, who wrote a *Thousand and Fourscore Plays*, as we are told by *John Perez de Montalvan*. (i) Six of *Lopé de Vega’s* Plays were regular and written as they shou’d be, according to Art. This he says himself, but does not name ’em, for fear, perhaps, of a fresh and more rigorous Censure.

73. But the impertinent Continuator of *Don Quixote*, as a Redresser of literary Grievances, wou'd needs take upon him to right the Wrongs, and revenge the Injuries he fancy'd had been offer'd to *Lopé de Vega*; and so covering himself with the Shield of *Lopé's* Reputation, he thought therewith to ward off the Blows *Cervantes* had given to himself, perhaps in some of the particular Censures in the above Discourse, or in the (k) *Novel of the Dogs*, which may very well be call'd *Satira Lucilio-Horatiana*, for, in imitation of *Lucilius* and *Horace*, it lashes very severely, tho' occultly, a great number of People: Among whom, peradventure, our *Arragonian* being one, he made use of Slander and Invective instead of any sound or even superficial Argument to confute *Cervantes's* Censure. But *Cervantes* did not let this vile Treatment of him go unchastiz'd: And as for his upbraiding *Cervantes* with old Age, Maimness and (l) an envious Disposition, he made this Answer:

*But there is something which I cannot so silently pass over: He is pleas'd to upbraid me with my Age; indeed had it been in the Power of Man to stop the career of Time, I would not have suffer'd the old Gentleman to have laid his Fingers on me. Then he reflectingly tells me of the Loss of one of my Hands: As if that Maim had been got in a scandalous or drunken Quarrel in some Tavern, and not upon the most memorable (m) Occasion, that either past or present Ages have beheld, and which perhaps futurity will never parallel. If my Wounds do not redound to my Honour in the Thoughts of some of those that look upon 'em, they will at least secure me the Esteem of those that know how they were gotten. A Soldier makes a nobler Figure as he lies bleeding in the Bed of Honour, than safe in an inglorious Flight; and I am so far from being asham'd of the Loss of my Hand, that were it possible to recal the same Opportunity, I should think my Wounds but a small Price for the Glory of sharing in that prodigious Action. The Scars in a Soldier's Face and Breast, are the Stars that by a laudable Imitation guide others to the Port of Honour and Glory. Besides, it is not the Hand, but the Understanding of a Man, that may be said to write; and those Years that he is pleas'd to quarrel with, always improve the latter. He likewise charges me with being Envious, and as if I was an Ignoramus he gives me a definition of Envy; but I take Heaven to witness, I never was acquainted with any Branch of Envy, beyond a sacred, generous and ingenuous Emulation, which could never engage me to abuse a Clergyman, especially if made the more Reverend by a Post in the Inquisition: And if any other Person (meaning *Lopé de Vega*) thinks himself affronted, as that *Tordesillian* Author seems to hint, he is mightily mistaken; for I have a Veneration for his Parts, admire his Works, and have an awful Respect for the continual and laudable Employment in which he exercises his Talents.*

74. That *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* did not envy *Lopé de Vega*, is visible in the Praises he bestow'd on him before and after the Discourse he made concerning Plays, wherein by the Mouth of the Canon of *Toledo* he censured him so moderately. In the sixth Book of his *Galatea* he makes *Calliope* herself say,

*Experience shews, that Learning loves as well
With downy Youth, as bearded Age to dwell:*

No

(k) *Novela de los Perros, a Dialogue between two Dogs, Scipio and Braganza, translated some Years ago by the Translator of this Life.* (l) *Pref. to Part II.* (m) *Battle of Lepanto.*

*No Mortal will contest a Truth so clear,
The moment that he VEGA's name shall bear.*

Afterwards, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, he mentions him with greater Esteem:

*Lo! Vega from another Cloud dismounts;
Vega, whom Spain her best of Writers counts.
Whether in Prose or Verse; he writes so well,
No one can equal him, much less excel.*

And even after the Censure of the *Arragonian*, in the Continuation of the same History of *Don Quixote*, speaking of *Angelica*, he says, (n) *A famous Andalusian Poet* (Louis Barahona de Soto) *wept for her, and celebrated her TEARS in Verse; and another eminent and choice Poet of Castile* (Lopé de Vega) *made her BEAUTY his Theme.* And in another Place (o) he makes an honourable Allusion to *Lopé de Vega's Arcadia*. The Censure therefore which *Cervantes* made of him, did not spring from Envy, since he praised him as much as could be, nay, without any measure, but that of his Great and Extensive Knowledge, since his Censure was perfectly just and right: Whereas that which the *Tordesillian* Continuator made of *Cervantes*, was the Offspring of downright Detraction.

75. In a different Manner from *Fernandez de Avellaneda*, did *Lopé de Vega* speak of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, when, after his being censured, and even after his Censurer's Death, (p) he celebrated his Glorious Maim, thus:

** When the renowned Eagle's matchless Son,
That Thunderbolt of War,
O'er Asia's King immortal Laurels won,
In Neptune's Watry Carr,
Cervantes' Hand was wounded, but his Head,
Escaping Fortune's Spite,
By his rich Verse turn'd every Ball of Lead
Into a Diamond bright:
A Wit like His gives each refulgent Line
A Brilliancy that will for ever shine.*

76. *Cervantes* likewise chastised the Covetousness of his Detractor, by despising and defying his Menaces, and recommending the Reader to tell him, (q) *that as for his Threatning to take the Bread out of my Mouth, I shall only Answer him with a Piece of an old Song, God prosper long our noble King, our Lives and Safeties all—and so Peace be with you. Long live the Great Condé de Lemos, whose Humanity, and celebrated Liberality sustain me under the most severe Blows of Fortune! And may the eminent Charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, make an eternal Monument to his Fame.* (I fancy *Cervantes* having met with some Consolation in the Humanity of that Prelate, made his Detractor say, as I have related before, *That he had taken Refuge in the Church*) But *Cervantes* goes on: *Had I never publish'd a Word, and were as many Books publish'd against me, as there are Letters in MINGO REVULGO's Poems; yet the Bounty of these two Princes that have taken charge of me without any Soliciting Adulation, were sufficient in my favour; and I think my self richer and greater in their Esteem than I would of any Profitable*

(n) Part II. ch. 1. (o) Part II. ch. 58. (p) Laurèl de Apollo Selva 8. * Don John of Austria the Emperor Charles Vth's Natural Son, General of the Holy League against the Turk. (q) Pref. to 2d. Part of D. Quixote.

table Honour that can be purchas'd at the ordinary Rate of Advancement. The indigent Man may attain their Favour, but the Vicious cannot. Poverty may partly eclipse a Gentleman, but cannot totally obscure him; and those glimmerings of Ingenuity that peep thro' the Chinks of a narrow Fortune, have already gain'd the Esteem of the truly noble and generous Spirits. And now I have done with him.

77. Possibly some will miss Cervantes's Answer to what his foul-mouth'd Satyrift advanc'd, of his being so destitute of Friends, that if he had a mind to adorn his Books with commendatory Verses, he wou'd not be able to find one Person of Note in all Spain, that would not be offended at making use of his Name. To which, 'tis true, Cervantes made no Answer, because he had as yet nothing to add to what he had said by the Mouth of that Friend of his, introduc'd in his Preface, as Cervantes's Counsellor, satyrising the Custom of the Writers of that Time, with so much Wit in the following Manner: (r) *The first Thing you object, is your want of commendatory Copies from Persons of Figure and Quality; there is nothing sooner help't; 'tis but taking a little Pains in writing them yourself, and clapping whose Name you please to them, you may Father them upon Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapifonde, whom I know to be most celebrated Poets: But suppose they were not, and that some presuming Pedantic Criticks might snarl, and deny this notorious Truth; why let them, 'tis no matter; and tho' they should convict you of Forgery, you are in no danger of losing the Hand with which you wrote them.* There was at that time a ridiculous Custom in Spain to pre-engage the Reader's Mind by a Heap of Commendatory Verses, most of them coin'd by the Authors themselves, as it now-adays happens in many of your Literary Clubs and Assemblies, who profess Criticism with little Seriousness of application, trusting too much to the Judgment of other People who are sometimes Ignorant, and oftentimes Prejudiced. *Lopé de Vega* condemns this Practice, when he says, (s) *Apollo*, by an Edict, ordered among other Things,

That no *Encomiums* of an *Als*
Beneath pretended CENSURES pass
In hopes that under such Disguise
The World may credit give to Lies,
Which yet none read without a Laugh
But those that don't know Corn from Chaff.

78. Cervantes, by way of satyrizing such People, and at the same time to gratify his desire of Praise, prefixes to his *Don Quixote* some Poetical Compositions under the Names, not of Great Lords, (for in the Commonwealth of Learning there are no Greater Lords, than those that have Learning) but of *Urganda the Unknown*, address'd to *Don Quixote de la Mancha's* Book: of *Amadis de Gaul*; *Don Belianis of Greece*; *Orlando Furioso*; the Knight of the Sun; and of *Solisdan* to *Don Quixote* himself: of the Lady *Oriana* to *Dulcinea del Toboso*: of *Gandalin Amadis de Gaul's* Squire, to *Sancho Panza*, *Don Quixote's* Squire; of the Pleasant Poet *Entreverde* to *Sancho Panza*, and *Rozinante*; and lastly a Dialogue between *Babieca*, and *Rozinante*; intimating by this, that his Book of *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was better than all the Books of Knight-Errantry put together; since *Don Quixote de la Mancha* surpass'd the celebrated *Amadis de Gaul*,

(r) Pref. to 1st. Part of D. Quixote.

(s) *Laurèl de Apollo Selva* 9.

a Book, which by common Report, and by what Cervantes says, (t) was the First Book of Knight-Errantry that ever was printed in Spain, and the Model of all the rest - - - the first Teacher and Author of so pernicious a Seet; - - - rather, says the other, I have been told 'tis the best Book that has been written in that Kind.

79. Don Quixote, in like Manner, excelled the renowned Don Belianis of Greece, since He, (cry'd the Curate, speaking of Don Belianis as he was scrutinizing our Knight's Library) with his Second, Third, and Fourth Parts, had need of a Dose of Rhubarb to purge his excessive Choler: Besides, his Castle of Fame should be demolish'd, and a Heap of other Rubbish remov'd.

80. Nor are the Outrages of Orlando Furioso to compare with the agreeable Madneses of Don Quixote de la Mancha, tho' the Style and Expression of Ariosto, Author of that Romance, is indeed pure, grand and sublime, which makes the Curate say, He did not like any of the Translations of him, nay, he wou'd burn 'em; but if, adds he, I find him in his own native Tongue, I'll treat him with all the Respect imaginable.

81. As for the Knight of the Sun, in whose name likewise Cervantes made a Commendatory Copy of Verses, the Barber, Mr. Nicholas, wou'd often say, he out-did all the other Knights, except perhaps Amadis de Gaul. The said Romance was intitled: *The Mirror of Princes and Knights, in three Books, containing the Immortal Deeds of the Knight of the Sun, and his Brother Rosicler, the Sons of the Great Emperor Trebacio, with the high Adventures and most stupendous Amours of the extremely excellent and superabundantly beautiful Princess Claridiana, and other High Princes and Knights: By Diego Ortunez Calahorra, of the City of Nagera.* This Mirror came out in two Volumes in Folio, containing the first and second Part, at Zaragoza, Anno 1581. Its true Author was Pedro la Sierra. Afterwards Marco Martinez of Alcalà continu'd those Fables with this Title: *The Third Part of the Mirror of Princes and Knights, the Atchievements and great Actions of the Children and Grand-children of the Emperor Trebacio.* Printed at Alcalà Anno 1589. And Feliciano de Silva, afterwards, writ the Fourth Part of the Knight of the Sun. These Titles being known, the Reader will better understand the Verses of the Knight of the Sun to Don Quixote de la Mancha; and will likewise be enabled to apply the Criticism which the Curate made when the Barber, taking down another Book, cry'd: *Here's the Mirror of Knighthood.* Oh! I have the honour to know him, replied the Curate, *There you will find the Lord Rinaldo of Montalban, with his Friends and Companions, all of them greater Thieves than Cacus; together with the Twelve Peers of France, and that Faithful Historian Turpin.* Truly I must needs say, I am only for condemning them to perpetual Banishment, at least because their Story contains something of the Famous Boiardo's Invention; out of which the Christian Poet Ariosto also borrow'd his Subject. Cervantes in (u) another Place makes a great jest of Feliciano de Silva's Style.

82. As Don Quixote bore away the Bell from all other Knights-Errant, so likewise did Dulcinea del Toboso do the same by the Ladies. And this is signify'd by the broken Verses of Urganda the Unknown, and the Sonnet of Lady Oriana to Dulcinea del Toboso, both which Ladies take up a great deal of Paper in the History of Amadis de Gaul. Besides, this likewise alludes to the ridiculous Madness of writing Verses as from Women, with intent that they might be thought Poetesses, and that the Authors were favoured by them.

83. Gandalin's

(t) Part I. ch. 6.

(u) Part I. ch. 1.

83. *Gandalin's* Verses to *Sancho Panza*, declare that never was a Squire born into the World, equal to *Sancho Panza*. And the same Compliment is pass'd on *Rozinante* by the Poet *Entreverado's* Verses, and the Dialogue between *Babieca* and *Rozinante*, since (x) *tho' his Horse's Bones stuck out like the Corners of a Spanish Real, and was a worse Jade than Gonela's, qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit, his Master yet thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca could be compar'd with him.*

84. As for the *Arragonian's* reflecting upon *Cervantes's* want of Friends to grace the beginning of his Book with Commendatory Verses, *Cervantes* had no occasion to answer that Objection; since, of the very Thing which the other said he wanted, *Cervantes* had before, as I said, made so great a Jest, not only in his Preface to *Don Quixote*, but in that to his Novels likewise. For, speaking of that customary Abuse, and of the Friend into whose Head he had put that most discrete Advice which was practis'd so dextrously and happily by him, after he had describ'd himself, both inwardly and outwardly, i. e. both Body and Mind, he added: *And if this Friend cou'd recollect nothing more to say of me, I wou'd myself have coin'd two dozen of Testimonials, and whispered 'em to him, in order to spread my Name and raise the Reputation of my Wit; for, to think such Elogiums speak real Truth, is downright Folly, for there's no depending upon such Characteristicks either pro or con. In short, since that Opportunity is past, and I am left in blanco, and without any Cutt or Effigie, I must e'en make the best use I can of my Tongue, which tho' naturally slow, shall not be so in speaking Truth, which may be understood ev'n by making Signs only.* And then he goes on and gives his own Sentiments of his Novels, WITHOUT SPEAKING BY THE MOUTH OF A GOOSE, as the Proverb before quoted has it.

85. As for this Scandalous Fellow's saying that *Cervantes* wrote his *First Part of Don Quixote*, in a Prison, and that That might make it so dull, and incorrect: *Cervantes* did not think fit to give any Answer concerning his being imprison'd: Perhaps to avoid giving offence to the Ministers of Justice; for certainly his Imprisonment must not have been Ignominious, since *Cervantes* himself voluntarily mentions it in his Preface to the *First Part of Don Quixote*. As for his Negligence and Incorrectnesses, I don't deny but *Cervantes* had some, which I have observ'd; but since the *Arragonian* did not specify 'em, there was no reason *Cervantes*, by satisfying Him, should let him run away with the Glory of a just and rational Censure. And therefore the Confession of his own Oversights, or the Defence of those the Criticks of that Age charg'd as such, is reserv'd for a fitter Opportunity: and the Censure of other Things, which might have been easily alter'd, is forborn out of the Respect that is due to the Memory of so great a Man.

86. The Thing which *Cervantes* bore hardest upon in his Aggressor, was his Impudence, for such it was, and a very great one too, the continuing a Work of pure Invention, of another Man's, and while the Author was living too, which makes him say to his Reader, *If ever you should happen to fall into his Company, pray tell him from me that I have not the least Quarrel in the World with him: For I am not ignorant of the Temptations of Satan; and of all his Imps, the scribbling Devil is the most Irresistable. When that Demon is got into a Man's Head, he falls to Writing and Publishing, which gets him as much Fame as Money, and as much Money as Fame. But if he won't believe what you say, and you be dispos'd to be Merry, pray tell him this Story.* Then *Cervantes* proceeds and

(x) *Part I. ch. 1.*

and tells a Tale, and then another, with that satyrical Grace, that nothing can be more beautiful.

87. *Cervantes* being of Opinion that the *Arragonian's* Impudence deserv'd greater Chastisement ; in order to render him more ridiculous in various Parts of the Body of the Work he has a Fling at him, and intermingles divers Reproofs of that unpardonable Continuation, which it is fit shou'd be here read together that others may not fall into the like Temptation.

88. In the LIXth Chapter of the Second Part, supposing some Travellers to be reading in an Inn the *Arragonian's* Continuation, or Second Part of *Don Quixote*, he introduces one Signor *Don John*, saying: *Dear Don Jeronimo, I beseech you, till Supper's brought in, let us read another Chapter of the Second Part of Don Quixote. No sooner had Don Quixote heard himself named* (he being in the next Room, which was divided from that wherein the Travellers were by a slender Partition) *but up the Champion started, and listen'd with attentive Ears to what was said of him, and then heard that Don Jeronimo answer: Why would you have us read Nonsense, Signor Don John? Methinks any one that has read the First Part of Don Quixote, should take but little Delight in reading the Second. That may be, reply'd Don John; however, it mayn't be amiss to read it; for there's no Book so bad, as not to have something that is good in it. What displeases me most in this Part, is, that it represents Don Quixote no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso. Upon these Words, Don Quixote, burning with Anger and Indignation, cry'd out: Whoever says that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgot, or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know with equal Arms, that he deviates wholly from the Truth; for the Peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, cannot be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of Forgetfulness. Constancy is his Motto; and to preserve his Fidelity with Pleasure, and without the least Constraint, is his Profession. Who's that answers us? cries one of those in the next Room. Who should it be, quoth Sancho, but Don Quixote de la Mancha his nown self, the same that will make good all he has said, and all that he has to say, take my Word for it; for a good Paymaster ne'er grudges to give Security. Sancho had no sooner made that Answer, but in came the two Gentlemen (for they appear'd to be no less) and one of them throwing his Arms about Don Quixote's Neck, your Presence, Sir Knight, said he, does not belye your Reputation, nor can your Reputation fail to raise a Respect for your Presence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the North-Star, and Luminary of Chivalry-errant in despite of him that has attempted to usurp your Name, and annihilate your Atchievements, as the Author of this Book, which I here deliver into your Hand, has presum'd to do. With that he took the Book from his Friend, and gave it to Don Quixote. The Knight took it, and without saying a Word, began to turn over the Leaves; and then returning it a while after; In the little I have seen, said he, I have found three Things in this Author, that deserve Reprehension. First, I find fault with some Words in his Preface. In the second Place, his Language is Arragonian, for sometimes he writes without Articles: And the third Thing I have observ'd, which betrays most his Ignorance, is, he is out of the way in one of the principal Parts of the History: For (y) here he says, that the Wife of my Squire Sancho Panza, is call'd Mary Gutierrez, which is not true; for her Name is Teresa Panza;*

f

and

(y) In ch. 8. and many more.

and he that errs in so considerable a Passage, may well be suspected to have committed many gross Errors through the whole History. A pretty impudent Fellow, is this same History-writer; cry'd Sancho! Sure He knows much what belongs to our Concern, to call my Wife Terefa Panza, Mary Gutierrez! Pray take the Book again, an't like your Worship, and see whether he says any Thing of me, and see if he has not chang'd my Name too. Sure by what you have said, honest Man, said Don Jeronimo, you should be Sancho Panza, Squire to Signor Don Quixote? I am, quoth Sancho, and I am proud of the Office. Well, said the Gentleman, to tell you Truth, the last Author does not treat you so Civilly as you seem to deserve. He represents you as a Glutton, and a Fool, without the least grain of Wit or Humour, and very different from the Sancho we have in the first Part of your Master's History. Heav'n forgive him, quoth Sancho; he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every Man's Nose won't make a Shoeing-Horn. Let's leave the World as it is. St. Peter is very well at Rome. Presently the two Gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their Chamber; for they knew there was nothing to be got in the Inn fit for his Entertainment. Don Quixote who was always very complaisant, (z) could not deny their Request, and went with them. So Sancho remain'd Lord and Master, with his Flesh-pot before him, and placed himself at the upper End of the Table, with the Inn-keeper for his Mess-mate; for he was no less a Lover of Cow-beel than the Squire. While Don Quixote was at Supper with the Gentlemen, Don John ask'd him, when he heard of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso? Whether she were married? Whether she had any Children, or were with Child or no? Or whether, continuing still in her Maiden state, and preserving her Honour and Reputation unstain'd, she had a grateful Sense of the Love and Constancy of Signor Don Quixote? Dulcinea is still a Virgin, answered Don Quixote, and my Amorous Thoughts more fix'd than ever; Our Correspondence after the old Rate not frequent, but her Beauty transform'd into the homely appearance of a Female Rustick. And with that he told the Gentlemen the whole Story of her being enchanted, what had befall'n him in the Cave of Montesinos, and the Means that the Sage Merlin had prescrib'd to free her from her Incantment, which was Sancho's Penance of three thousand three hundred Lashes. The Gentlemen were extremely pleas'd to hear from Don Quixote's own Mouth the strange Passages of his History, equally wondring at the nature of his Extravagancies, and his Eloquent manner of relating them. One Minute they lookt upon him to be in his Senses, and the next they thought he had lost them all; so that they could not resolve what degree to assign him between Madness and sound Judgment. By this time Sancho having eat his Supper, and left his Landlord, mov'd to the Room where his Master was with the two Strangers, and as he bolted in, Hang me, quoth he, Gentlemen, if He that made the Book your Worships have seen, could have a mind that He and I should ever take a loving Cup together: I wish, as he calls me Greedy-Gut, he does not set me out for a Drunkard too. Nay, said Don Jeronimo, he does not use you better as to that Point; tho' I cannot well remember his Expressions. Only this I know, they are scandalous and false, as I perceive by the Physiognomy of sober Sancho here present. Take my Word for't, Gentlemen, quoth the Squire, the Sancho and the Don Quixote in your Book, I don't know who they be, but they are not the same Men as those in Cid Hamet Benengeli's History, for we two are they, just such as Benengeli makes us; my Master Valiant, Discrete, and in love; and I a plain, merry-conceited

(z) The Arragonian does not describe him so.

conceited Fellow, but neither a Glutton, nor a Drunkard. I believe you, said Don John, and I could wish, were such a Thing possible, that all other Writers whatsoever were forbidden to record the Deeds of the great Don Quixote, except Cid Hamet, his first Author; (a) as Alexander did forbid all other Painters to draw his Picture, except Apelles. Let any one draw mine, if he pleases, said Don Quixote; but let him not abuse the Original; for when Patience is loaded with Injuries, many Times it sinks under its Burden (b). No Injury, reply'd Don John, can be offer'd to Signor Don Quixote but what he is able to revenge, or at least ward off with the Shield of his Patience, which, in my opinion, is Great and Strong. In such Discourse they spent a good part of the Night; and tho' Don John endeavour'd to persuade Don Quixote to read more of the Book, to see how the Author had handled his Subject, he could by no Means prevail with him, the Knight giving him to understand, he had enough of it, and as much as if he had read it throughout, concluding it to be all of a Piece, and nonsense all over; and that he would not encourage the Scribbler's Vanity so far as to let him think that he had read it, should it ever come to his Ears that the Book had fall'n into his Hands; well knowing we ought to avoid defiling our Imagination, and with the nicest Care, our Eyes with vile and obscene Matters (c). They askt him, which Way he was travelling? He told them he was going for Saragosa, to make one at the Turnaments held in that City once a Year, for the Prize of Armour. Don John acquainted him, that the pretended Second Part of his History gave an Account (d) how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at Saragosa at a publick Running at the Ring, the Description of which was wretched, and defective in the Contrivance, mean and low in the Style and Expression, miserably poor in Devices, poorest of all in Learning, but rich in Folly and Nonsense. For that Reason, said Don Quixote, I will not set a Foot in Saragosa, and so the World shall see what a notorious Lye this new Historian is guilty of, and all Mankind shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of. You will do very well, said Don Jeronimo; besides, there is another Turnament at Barcelona, where you may signalize your Valour. I design to do so, reply'd Don Quixote; and so Gentlemen, give me leave to bid you good Night, and permit me to go to Bed, (for 'tis Time;) and pray place me in the number of your best Friends, and most Faithful Servants: and Me too, quoth Sancho, for mayhap you may find me good for something. Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their Chamber, leaving the two Strangers in admiration, to think what a Medley the Knight had made of good Sense and Extravagance; but fully satisfied however, that these two Persons were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those obtruded upon the Publick by the Arragonian Author. Admirable Criticism! One of the Precepts of Fable is to follow common Fame, or to devise Things so as to hang together. Cervantes had figur'd Don Quixote, as a Knight-Errant, Valiant, Discrete, and Amorous; and this was his well-known Character when the so call'd Fernandez de Avellaneda took upon him to carry on his History; whereas He describes Don Quixote, as a Coward, an Idiot, and not Enamour'd. Don Quixote's Lady, as the Dutches said, was a fancy'd Person (e), a Lady merely Notional, (in short a Madman's Lady) whom Don Quixote had engender'd and brought forth by the Strength and Heat of his Fancy, and there

f 2

(a) See Part I. ch. 9. of Don Quixote. (b) A tacit threatning against the Arragonian writer.
 (c) Such as the Arragonian's Book abounds with in many of the Chapters. (d) In the 11th ch.
 (e) Part II. ch. 32.

there endow'd with all the Charms and good Qualifications, which he was pleas'd to ascribe to her; - - - beautiful without Blemish, reserv'd without Pride, amorous with Modesty, agreeable for her courteous Temper, and courteous, as an Effect of her generous Education; and, in short, of an illustrious Parentage. Fernandez de Avellaneda paints her in a quite different Manner. Cervantes represented Sancho Panza as a plain, simple, merry-conceited Fellow; but neither a Gormandizer nor a Drunkard: Fernandez de Avellaneda, simple indeed, but a Fellow of no humour, rather a mere Greedy-gut and an arrant Sot: and therein, neither follows common report, nor invents his Tale with Uniformity. Well therefore might *Altisidora* say, speaking of a Vision she had (for Women are apt to have Visions,) (f) That she saw certain Devils playing at Tennis with flaming Rackets, instead of Tennis-balls making use of Books stuff'd with Wind and Flocks, and so slightly made that the Ball wou'd not bear a second Blow, but at every Stroke they were oblig'd to change Books, some of 'em New, some Old, which she thought very Strange: They toss'd up a new Book fairly bound, and gave it such a smart Stroke, that the very Guts flew out of it, and all the Leaves were scatter'd about. Then cry'd one of the Devils to another, look, look, what Book is that? 'Tis the second Part of the history of Don Quixote, said the other, not that which was compos'd by Cid Hamet, the Author of the First, but by a certain Arragonian, who professes himself a Native of Tordefillas. Away with it, cry'd the first Devil, down with it, plunge it to the lowest Pit of Hell, where I may never see it more. Why is it such Stuff said the other? Such intolerable stuff; cry'd the first Devil, that if I and all the Devils in Hell shou'd set our Heads together to make it worse, it were past our Skill. To which a little afterwards Don Quixote reply'd: That very History is toss'd about just at the same Rate, never resting in a Place, for every Body has a Kick at it. From which Words we may infer, that as soon as it was publish'd, it began to be despis'd. And as Cervantes feigns that the Devils play'd at Tennis with flaming Rackets; some, from thence have taken occasion, and justly as they thought, to advance an assertion, (g) that the Friends of Cervantes burn'd the Books of the paultry Continuator: which is a gratis Dictum; for Cervantes had no Friends that wou'd favour him, so much at their own Expence.

89. Whatever may have been the Case in that respect, 'twill not be amiss to hear Sancho and Don Quixote's Thoughts of that Book: (h) I'll lay you a Wager, quoth Sancho, that before we be much older, there will not be an Inn, a Hedge-Tavern, a blind Victualling-House, nor a Barber's-Shop in the Country, but what will have the Story of our Lives and Deeds pasted and painted along the Walls. But I cou'd wish with all my Heart though, that they may be done by a better Hand than the bungling Son of a Whore that drew these. Thou art in the Right, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for the Fellow that did these, puts me in mind of Orbaneja, a Painter of Uveda, who, as he sat at Work, being ask'd what he was about? Made answer, any thing that comes uppermost: And if he chanc'd to draw a Cock, he underwrit, This is a Cock, lest People should take it for a Fox. Just such a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the same) the History of this new Don Quixote, that has lately peep'd out, and ventur'd to go a strolling; for his Painting or Writing is all at random, and any thing that comes uppermost. I fancy
he's

(f) Part II. ch. 70. (g) See the Preface of the re-impression of the self-call'd Fernandez de Avellaneda. (h) Part II. ch. 71.

be's also not much unlike one Mauleon, a certain Poet, who was at Court some Years ago, and pretended to give answer extempore to any manner of Questions. Some Body ask'd him what was the meaning of Deum de Deo? Whereupon the Gentleman answer'd very pertly in Spanish, De donde de diere, that is, Hab nab at a Venture.

90. The same *Don Quixote*, discoursing on another Occasion with *Don Alvaro Tarfe* (who in the *Arragonian's* History fills a great many Pages) holds this Dialogue with him: (i) "Pray, Sir, said *Don Quixote* to Señor *Don Alvaro*, be pleas'd to tell me "one Thing; Am I any thing like that *Don Quixote* of yours? The farthest from it "in the World, Sir, reply'd the other. And had he, said our Knight, one *Sancho* "Panza for his Squire? Yes, said *Don Alvaro*, but I was the most deceiv'd in him "that cou'd be; for by common Report that same Squire was a comical, witty Fel- "low, but I found him a very great Blockhead. I thought no less, quoth *Sancho*, "for every Man is not capable of saying comical Things; and that *Sancho* you talk "of must be some paultry Raggamuffin, some guttling Mumper, or pilfering Crack- "rope, I warrant him. For 'tis I am the true *Sancho Panza*; 'tis I am the merry- "conceited Squire, that have always a Tinker's Budget full of Wit and Wagery, "that will make Gravity grin in spite of its Teeth. If you won't believe me, do "but try me; keep my Company but for a Twelvemonth, or so, you'll find what "a shower of Jokes and notable things drop from me every Foot. Adad! I set "every Body a laughing, many times, and yet I wish I may be hang'd, if I design'd "it in the least. And then for the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, here you have "him before you. The stanch, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the loving *Don* "Quixote de la Mancha, the Righter of Wrongs, the Punisher of Wickedness, the "Father to the Fatherless, the Bully-rock of Widows, the Maintainer of Damsels and "Maidens; he whose only Dear and Sweet-heart is the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*; "here he is, and here am I his Squire. All other *Don Quixote's* and all *Sancho* "Panza's besides us two, are but Shams, and Tales of a Tub. Now by the Sword "of St. Jago, honest Friend, said *Don Alvaro*, I believe as much; for the little thou "hast utter'd now, has more of Humour than all I ever heard come from the other. "The Blockhead seem'd to carry all his Brains in his Guts, there's nothing a Jest with "him but filling his Belly, and the Rogue's too heavy to be diverting. For my "part, I believe the Inchanters that persecute the good *Don Quixote*, have sent the "bad one to persecute me too. I can't tell what to make of this Matter, for, though "I can take my Oath, I left one *Don Quixote* under the Surgeon's Hands at the Nun- "cio's in Toledo, (k) yet here starts up another *Don Quixote* quite different from mine. "For my part, said our Knight, I dare not avow my self the Good, but I may ven- "ture to say, I am not the Bad one; and as a Proof of it, Sir, be assur'd, that in "the whole Course of my Life, I never saw the City of *Saragosa*; and so far from it, "that hearing this Usurper of my Name had appear'd there at the Turnament, I "declin'd coming near it, being resolv'd to convince the World that he was an Im- "postor. I directed my Course to *Barcelona*, the Seat of Urbanity, the Sanctuary of "Strangers, the Refuge of the distressed, the Mother of Men of Valour, the Redres- "ser of the injur'd, the Residence of true Friendship, and the first City of the World

" for

(i) Part II. ch. 72.

(k) See Avellaneda's Continuation, ch. 36.

“ for Beauty and Situation. And though some Accidents that beset me there, are so
 “ far from being grateful to my Thoughts, that they are a sensible Mortification to me;
 “ yet in my Reflection, of having seen that City, I find Pleasure enough to alleviate
 “ my Misfortune: In short, *Don Alvaro*, I am that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whom
 “ Fame has celebrated, and not the pitiful Wretch who has usurp’d my Name, and
 “ wou’d arrogate to himself the Honour of my Design. Sir, you are a Gentleman,
 “ and I hope will not deny me the Favour to depose before the Magistrate of this
 “ Place, that you never saw me in all your Life till this Day, and that I am not
 “ the *Don Quixote* mention’d in the (l) Second Part; nor was this *Sancho Panza* my
 “ Squire, the Person you knew formerly. With all my Heart, said *Don Alvaro*, tho’
 “ I must own my self not a little confounded to find at the same time, two *Don*
 “ *Quixotes*, and two *Sancho Panza*’s, as different in Behaviour as they are alike in
 “ Appellation: For my part, I don’t know what to think of it; and so I again say and
 “ affirm, that I have seen what I have not seen, and that That has befall’n me which has
 “ not befall’n me Here the Mayor, or Bailiff of the Town happening to come
 “ into the Inn, with a Publick Notary, *Don Quixote* desir’d him to take the Deposi-
 “ tion which *Don Alvaro Tarfe* was ready to give, where he certify’d and declar’d,
 “ That the said Deponent had not any Knowledge of the *Don Quixote* there present, and
 “ that the said *Don Quixote* was not the same Person that he this Deponent had seen mentio-
 “ ned in a certain printed History, intituled, or called, THE SECOND PART OF DON
 “ QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, written by AVELLANEDA, a Native of *Tordesillas*.
 “ In short, the Magistrate drew up and ingross’d the Affidavit in due Form, and the
 “ Testimonial wanted nothing to make it answer all the Intentions of *Don Quixote*
 “ and *Sancho*, who were as much pleas’d as if it had been a Matter of the last Con-
 “ sequence, and that their Words and Behaviour had not been enough to make the
 “ Distinction between the two *Don Quixote*’s and the two *Sancho*’s. The Compliments
 “ and Offers of Service that pass’d after, between *Don Alvaro* and *Don Quixote*, were
 “ many, and our Knight of *La Mancha* behav’d himself with so much Discretion, that
 “ *Don Alvaro* was convinc’d he was mistaken; tho’ he thought there was some In-
 “ chantment in the Case, since he had thus met with two Knights and two Squires of
 “ the same Name and Profession, and yet so very different.

91. Lastly; the same *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, or rather, *Alonso Quixano* the Good, being now restor’d to his right Senses and perfect Judgment, in one of the Clauses of his Will, directs as follows: (m) Item, I entreat my said Executors (the Curate *Pero Perez*, and Mr. *Sampson Carrasco* the Bachelor, who were present) that if at any time they have the Good-fortune to meet with the suppos’d Author of the Second Part of the Achievements of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they wou’d from me most heartily beg his Pardon for my being undesignedly the Occasion of his writing such a Parcel of Impertinences as is contain’d in that Book, for it is the greatest Burden to my departing Soul, that ever I was the Cause of making such a Thing publick.

92. Very much in the right, therefore, was *Cervantes*, and great reason had he, when he said that the Glory of continuing with Felicity the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, was reserv’d for his Pen alone. And lest this shou’d found like Boasting, he

(l) He means *Avellaneda*’s Continuation. (m) Part II. at the End.

he put the following judicious Speech in the Mouth of *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, addressing himself to his Pen. Here says *Cervantes*, (n) “ The sagacious *Cid Hamet* spoke
 “ to his Pen: O Thou my slender Pen, thou, of whose Knib, whether well or ill
 “ cut, I dare not speak my Thoughts! suspended by this Wire, remain upon this
 “ Rack, where I deposite thee. There may’st thou claim a Being many Ages, un-
 “ less presumptuous Scribblers take thee down to profane thee. But e’er they lay
 “ their heavy Hands on thee, bid them beware, and, as well as thou canst, in their
 “ own Stile, tell ’em,

(o) “ *Avaunt, ye Scoundrels, all and some!*

“ *I’m kept for no such thing.*

“ *Defile not me; but hang yourselves;*

“ *And so God save the King.*

“ For me alone was the great *Don Quixote* born, and I alone for him. Deeds were
 “ his Task; and to record ’em, mine: We two, like Tallies for each other struck,
 “ are nothing when apart. In vain the spurious Scribe of *Tordefillas* dar’d with his
 “ blunt and bungling Ostridge-Quill invade the Deeds of my most valorous Knight:
 “ The great Attempt derides his feeble Skill, while he betrays a Sense benumm’d
 “ and frozen. And thou, Reader, (p) if ever thou canst find him out in his Obscu-
 “ rity, I beseech thee advise him likewise to let the wearied, mouldring Bones of
 “ *Don Quixote*, rest quiet in the Earth that covers them. Let him not expose ’em
 “ in (q) *Old Castile*, against the Sanctions of Death, impiously raking him out of
 “ the Grave where he really lies stretch’d out beyond a Possibility of making a third
 “ Act and taking a new Ramble round the World. The two Sallies that he has
 “ made already (r) (which are the Subject of these two Volumes, and have met with
 “ such universal Applause in this and other Kingdoms) are sufficient to ridicule the
 “ pretended Adventures of other Knights-Errant. Thus advising him for the best,
 “ thou shalt discharge the Duty of a Christian, and do good to him that wishes thee
 “ evil. As for me, (s) I must esteem myself happy and gain my End in rendring
 “ those fabulous, nonsensical Stories of Knight-Errantry, the Object of the publick
 “ Aversion. They are already going down, and I do not doubt but they will drop
 “ and fall together in good earnest, never to rise again: *Adieu.*

And indeed, as soon as the First Part of *Don Quixote* came out, this Knight-Errant-
 began to put down all the rest, and made them hide their Heads; and after the Se-
 cond Part was publish’d, *Anno 1615*, the Applause which this Work gain’d was so
 great and extensive that very few Works have obtain’d in the World so great, so uni-
 versal and so lasting an Approbation. For there are Books which are esteem’d for no
 other reason but because their Stile is a Text for the dead Languages; others which
 are become famous thro’ some Circumstances of the Time they were writ in, which
 being past and gone their Applause is ceas’d too; others will always be valu’d on ac-
 count

(n) *Part II. at the End.* (o) *Tate, tate, folloncicos, &c. These Words are in an old Romance which I have forgot the name of.* (p) *A sign how obscure the Tordefillian Author was.* (q) *The silly Continuator in his last Chapter hints as if he design’d to write some of Don Quixote’s Rambles in Old Castile.* (r) *Had that of the Second Part been reckon’d in, there wou’d be three Sallies of Don Quixote, but Cervantes speaks upon a Supposition that only the First Part was publish’d.* (s) *This is Michael de Cervantes Saavedra.*

count of the Weight and Importance of the Subject they treat of. Whereas those of *Cervantes*, tho' written on a ridiculous Subject, and tho' the *Spanish* Dominion is not so extensive as it was then, and tho' written in a living Language which is confin'd to certain Bounds; yet they live, and triumph in spite of Oblivion: And are at this Day as necessary in the World, as when they first came out; for after *France* had, thro' the happy Protection of *Louis XIV.* arriv'd to the height of Learning, it began to decline, and for want of a *Sirmond*, a *Bossuet*, a *Huet*, and such like learned Men of immortal Memory, who soon after went off the Stage, a Spirit of *Novellizing* began to prevail; and a Fondness for Fables has taken such root that their *Literary Journals* are stuff'd with 'em, and hardly any other sort of Books come to us from *France*. The Mischief, formerly caus'd by such Fables, was so great, that it might be said to be universal. Which made that most intelligent Censor of the Republick of Letters *Ludovicus Vives*, so grievously deplore the corrupt Manners of the Times he liv'd in: (t) *What a way of living is this*, said he, *What Times are we fall'n into, that nothing but Ribaldry will pass for good Poetry, and obscene Ballads for fine Sonnets? It is high time the Magistrates took cognizance of this Evil, and that some Provision were made against it by Law, as also against such pestilential Books in Spain, as Amadis, Esplandian, Florisando, Tirante, Tristran: Whose Extravagancies know no Bounds: Each Day produces more and more of 'em; such as Celestina the Bawd, the Mother of all Wickedness, and Sink of all Leudness. In France, Lancelot of the Lake, Paris and Vienna, Puntho and Sidonia, Peter of Provence and Magalona, Melisendra, the inexorable Matron. Here in Flanders (Vives wrote this at Bruges, where he liv'd Anno 1523.) Florian and Blanca-Flor, Leonela and Canamòr, Curias and Floreta, Pyramus and Thisbe. Some there are translated out of Latin into the vulgar Tongues, as Poggius's Book of Stories which fails both in point of Modesty and Religion, (u) Euryalus and Lucretia, Bocace's hundred Novels. All which Books were written by Men that liv'd an idle Life, or were ill employ'd, of no Experience, or Abilities, given up to Vice, and all manner of Filthiness. In which I am amaz'd People shou'd find any thing to delight 'em. But we are naturally perverse and prone to Evil. A powerful and most effectual Remedy therefore was that which the most ingenious *Cervantes* apply'd, since it purg'd the Minds of all *Europe*, and cur'd them of that inveterate radicated Fondness they had for those contagious Books. Again therefore let *Don Quixote de la Mancha* appear, and let one Madman undeceive many voluntary Madmen: Let one Man of Sense, like *Cervantes*, divert and reclaim so many idle and melancholick Persons, with the pleasing and entertaining Products of his artful and ingenious Pen, I mean his Books of *Don Quixote*, of which there has been a long dispute which of the two Parts is best: That which contains the first and second Sally of our Champion; or the third?*

93. Far from taking upon me to decide so nice a Question, I shall let *Cervantes* do it himself, who having heard the Judgment which some had anticipately made, introduced the following Conversation between *Don Quixote*, the Bachelor *Sampson Carrasco*, and *Sancho Panza*. Perhaps, (x) said *Don Quixote*, the Author (that is, Cid Hamet Benengeli)

(t) De Christianâ Fœminâ, Lib. I. cap. Qui non legendi Scriptores, qui legendi. (u) A Novel by Æneas Sylvius, before he was Pope, and when he was but a simple Priest: afterwards retracted in his Epist. 395. (x) Part II. ch. 4.

Benengeli) promises A SECOND PART? He does so, said Carrasco: But he says, (y) he cannot find it, neither can he discover who has it: So that we doubt whether it will come out or no; as well for this reason, as because some People say that Second Parts are never worth any thing; others cry, there's enough of Don Quixote already: However, many of those that love Mirth better than Melancholy, cry out, Give us more Quixotery; let but Don Quixote appear, and Sancho talk, be it what it will, we are satisfy'd. And how stands the Author affected? Said the Knight. Truly, answer'd Carrasco, as soon as ever he can find out the History, which he is now looking for with all imaginable Industry, he is resolv'd to send it immediately to the Press, tho' more for his own Profit than thro' any Ambition of applause. What, quoth Sancho, does he design to do it to get a Penny by it? Nay, then we are like to have a rare History indeed; we shall have him botch and whip it up, like your Taylors on Easter-Eve, and give us a bundle of Flim-flams that will never hang together; for your hasty Work can never be done as it should be. Let Mr. Moor take care how he goes to Work; for, my Life for his, I and my Master will stock him with such a heap of Stuff in matter of Adventures and odd Chances, that he will have enough not only to write a SECOND PART, but an Hundred. The poor Fellow, be-like, thinks we do nothing but sleep on a Hay-Mow; but let us once put Foot into the Stir-rop, and he'll see what we are about: This at least I'll be bold to say, that if my Master would be rul'd by me, we had been in the Field by this Time, undoing of Misdeeds, and righting of Wrongs, as good Knights-Errant us'd to do. In which Colloquy Cervantes gives us to understand that he had pregnancy of Fancy enough to furnish out not only one, but a hundred Don Quixote's. The invention of the Second Part is no less agreeable than that of the first; and the Instruction is much greater. Besides, in the principal Narration he has not intermixt any Novel totally foreign to his Subject; (a thing very much against the Art of Fable-writing;) but he dextrously grafts in many Episodes very coherent with the main Design of the Story, which requires great Ingenuity and a singular Ability. Let us once more hear Cervantes himself. (z) We have it from the traditional Account of this History, that there is a manifest Difference between the Translation and the Arabick in the beginning of this Chapter; Cid Hamet having taken an Occasion of criticising on himself for undertaking so dry and limited a Subject, which must confine him to the bare History of Don Quixote and Sancho, and debar him the Liberty of launching into Episodes and Digressions that might be of more Weight and Entertainment. To have his Fancy, his Hand and Pen bound up to a single Design, and his Sentiments confin'd to the Mouths of so few Persons, he urg'd as an insupportable Toil, and of small Credit to the Undertaker, so that, to avoid this Inconveniency, he has introduc'd into THE FIRST PART, some Novels, as THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT, and that of the CAPTIVE, which were in a manner distinct from the Design, tho' the rest of the Stories which he brought in there, fall naturally enough in with Don Quixote's Affairs, and seem of Necessity to claim a Place in the Work. It was his Opinion likewise, as he has told us, that the Adventures of Don Quixote, requiring so great a share of the Reader's Attention, his Novels must expect but an indifferent Reception, or, at most, but a cursory View, not sufficient to discover their artificial Contexture, which must have been very obvious had they been publish'd by themselves, without the Interludes of Don Quixote's

Madness,

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(y) See Part I. at the end.

(z) Part II. ch. 44.

Madness, or Sancho's Impertinence. He has therefore in THE SECOND PART avoided all distinct and Independent Novels, introducing only some Episodes which may have the appearance of (a) being so, yet flow naturally from the Design of the Story, and these but seldom, and with as much Brevity as they can be express'd. Therefore since he has ty'd himself up to such narrow Bounds, and confin'd his Understanding and Parts, otherwise capable of the most copious Subject, to the pure Matter of this present Undertaking, he begs it may add a value to his Work; and that he may be commended, not so much for what he has writ, as for what he has forborn to write. Such therefore as say that Cervantes in his Second Part has not equall'd himself, wou'd do well to consider whether their Opinion does not arise either from the Tradition of those who are so enamour'd of the First Part, as to think it incapable of a Second; or else from their want of Sagacity which makes 'em regret in this latter the miss of those very things which Cervantes himself confess were, in the former, either Defects of Art or Liberties of the Artist in order to give his own Fancy an Airing and divert that of the Reader.

94. Amidst so many and such just Commendations both on account of Cervantes's admirable Invention, prudent Disposition and singular Eloquence; as a Writer is but one, and his Readers many, and an Author's Thoughts being taken up in inventing, he sometimes is carry'd away by the Vivacity of his Fancy: And this being over-fruitful, the very multitude of Circumstances does it self often occasion them to disagree with each other, and not co-incide exactly with the Time and Place wherein they are feign'd to be transacted; it is not much to be wonder'd at if Michael de Cervantes is sometimes found tardy in point of Probability and Chronology: In which he is not alone, but has Companions enow, ev'n as many as have hitherto publish'd any Works of a diffusive Invention; for in all such there are the like Oversights to be met with. Of this Cervantes himself was very sensible, for having been censur'd for some things he had written in his FIRST PART, he own'd his Negligences in the Third and Fourth Chapters of his SECOND PART, where he retracted many of his Errors with the same Frankness with which he confess them, and endeavour'd to varnish over others with such ingenious Excuses as make his very Apology a new and glorious sort of Confession. In short, his Genius was of so noble and generous a kind, that were he now alive, and new Censures were past upon him, had they been just and well grounded, he would certainly have thought himself beholden to the Authors of them.

95. Notwithstanding I am one of Cervantes's greatest Admirers, nay the rather because I am so, I will be bold to say that in some Instances he has exceeded the limits of Probability, and even touch'd the Borders of a manifest Falsity. For in the famous Combat between him and the Biscayan, supposing that Don Quixote set upon him with a full Resolution to kill him, it is by no means likely that the Biscayan who must have his Left hand engag'd in the Reins of the Mule, shou'd have time not only to draw his Sword with his Right, but to snatch a Cushion out of the Coach to serve him instead of a Shield, since those who were in the Coach must naturally be suppos'd to be sitting upon it, and if they were not, still 'tis difficult to conceive how the Biscayan cou'd take the Cushion so expeditiously, considering with what Fury Don Quixote rush't upon him.

96. Nei-

(a) That is, which may look like Novels, as in truth they are,

96. Neither does it seem to me a whit more likely that *Camilla*, in the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent*, shou'd talk to her self so much and so loud as to be heard by *Anselmo*, who was conceal'd in the Wardrobe during that long Soliloquy. For tho' Dramatic Writers introduce Soliloquies into their Plays, it is done with an intent that the *Spectators* may be made acquainted with the secret Thoughts of the Persons represented in the Play, and not that the Actors or Persons introduc'd on the Stage shou'd hear such Speeches, especially such prolix ones.

97. The Discourse of *Sancho Panza* to his Master *Don Quixote*, related in *Chap. VIII. of the Second Part*, certainly exceeds the Capacity of so simple and illiterate a Fellow. I will not charge *Cervantes* with the unlikeliness of the following Assertion of his: (b) *This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote call'd Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very Man that stole Sancho's Ass; the manner of which Robbery, and the time when it was committed, being not inserted in the First Part, has been the reason that some People have laid that, which was caus'd by the Printer's neglect, to the Inadvertency of the Author. But 'tis beyond all Question, that Gines stole the Ass while Sancho slept on his Back, making use of the same Trick and Artifice which Brunello practis'd when he carry'd off Sacripante's Horse from under his Legs, at the Siege of Albraea; but afterwards Sancho recover'd his Ass again, as hath been related.* I say I will not lay it at *Cervantes's* door that this Invention seems rather possible than probable; because it is obvious *Cervantes's* aim in this was only to reprove such Authors who are wont to charge their own Errors on the Negligence of the Printers, without considering that the Errors of the Press for the most part consist only in a few Literals or Verbals and sometimes perhaps in omitting some small Period. As for the manner how and the time when *Ginesillo* stole the Ass; it seems to me, if I don't very much mistake in my judgment of *Cervantes's* way of Thinking, his sole End was to ridicule the Fancy of stealing *Sacripante's* Horse in that manner.

98. But I am at a loss to excuse the supposing it possible, that in a Town of *Arragon*, of above a thousand Inhabitants, a Mock-Government, as *Sancho's* was, shou'd continue so long as eight or ten Days. Whether this is likely, let the *Arragonians* say. What I am certain of, is this, that there being in *Arragon* no Cavern half a League long, it is contrary to all Truth to say *Sancho Panza* went thro' it so far, till he stopt at a Place where *Don Quixote* from above heard his Lamentations.

99. As little do I know how to excuse *Cervantes's* Saying (c) Fame and Tradition had preserv'd in the Memoirs of *La Mancha* that *Don Quixote* after his third Sally went to *Saragosa*, where he was present at certain famous Turnaments and met there with Occasions worthy the Exercise of his Valour and good Sense; and afterwards the same *Cervantes* comes and says in his *Second Part* that *Don Quixote* declared he wou'd not set his Foot in *Saragosa*, in order to make the modern Historian (*Avelaneda*) a Lyar, since had he made him go to the Turnaments of *Saragosa*, he had only follow'd common Fame.

100. Another Oversight of *Cervantes* is his calling *Sancho's* Wife by the Name of *Joan Gutierrez* or *Joan Panza*, which is the same thing, for in *La Mancha*, tho' not in other Parts of *Spain*, the Wives go by their Husbands Surnames, and yet he finds

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(b) *Part II. ch. 27.*

(c) *At the end of Part I.*

fault with the *Arragonian* Continuator for calling her by the Name of *Gutierrez*, tho' he himself likewise thro' his whole Second Part calls her *Teresa Panza*.

101. Besides, whoever wou'd take the pains to form a Diary of *Don Quixote's* Sallies, will find *Cervantes's* Account pretty erroneous, and not conformable to the Accidents and Adventures related.

102. In one thing *Cervantes* ought to be treated with some Rigour, and that is in the Anachronisms or Retrocessions of time; for having himself so justly reflected upon his Cotemporary Play-wrights in this particular; such Defects ought to be censured in him. I shall point out some of them.

103. But for the better Understanding what I'm going to say, it is necessary to premise, that it hath been the Custom of many who have publish'd Books of Knight-Errantry, in order to gain them Credit to say that they were found in such a certain place, written in very ancient Characters difficult to read. Thus *Garci-Ordóñez de Montalvo*, Regidor of *Medina del Campo*, after he had said, he had corrected the three Books of *Amadis* which thro' the Fault of bad Writers or Composers were very much corrupted and full of Errors, immediately added, that he had publish'd those Books, translating and improving the Fourth Book with the Exploits of Esplandian *Amadis's* Son, which till then no Man remembers ever to have seen or met with in any Memoirs; that by great Good-luck it was discover'd in a Stone-tomb, which, deep in the Earth, in a Hermitage hard by Constantinople, was found, and brought by an Hungarian Merchant into Spain, wrote upon Parchment in a Letter so old that it was scarce legible by those who understood the Language. *Cervantes* herein imitating *Garci-Ordóñez de Montalvo*, says: (d) By Good-fortune he had met with an ancient Physician, who had a Leaden Box in his Possession, which, as he assur'd me, was found in the Ruins of an old Hermitage, as it was rebuilding. In this Box were certain Scrolls of Parchment written in Gothick Characters, but containing Verses in the Spanish Tongue, in which many of his (*Don Quixote's*) noble Acts were sung, and *Dulcinea del Toboso's* Beauty celebrated, *Rozinante's* Figure describ'd, and *Sancho Panza's* Fidelity applauded. They likewise gave an account of *Don Quixote's* Place of Burial, with several Epitaphs and Elogiums on his Life and Manners. *Cervantes* wrote this in the Year 1604, and printed it in the Year following. I leave it to the judicious Reader to determine the Age in which according to the afore-said Circumstances *Don Quixote* must be suppos'd to have liv'd. An ancient Physician giving an account of the finding certain Parchments containing Epitaphs on *Don Quixote*; that they were first discover'd under the Foundation of an old Hermitage, and written in Gothick Letters, the Use whereof was prohibited in Spain in the time of King *Alonso* the Sixth; are all (e) Circumstances which infer a distance of some Ages past. And this very thing is suppos'd in a Discourse of *Don Quixote's*, no less occultly Learned than agreeably Romantic: (f) Have you not read, cry'd *Don Quixote*, the Annals and History of Britain, where are register'd the famous Deeds of King *Arthur*, (King *Artus* in Spanish Romances) who, according to an ancient Tradition in that Kingdom, never dy'd, but was turn'd into a Crow by Incantment, and shall one Day resume his former Shape, and recover his Kingdom again? For which reason since that time, the People of Great Britain dare not offer to kill a Crow. In this good King's Time, the most Noble

(d) Part I. ch. ult. (e) *Rodoric. Toletanus*, Lib. VI. c. 30. (f) Part I. ch. 15.

Noble Order of the Knights of the Round Table was first instituted, and then also the Amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinever were really transacted, as that History relates; they being manag'd and carry'd on by the Mediation of that Honourable Matron the Lady Quintañona, which produced that Excellent History in Verse so sung and celebrated here in Spain:

There never was on Earth a Knight

So waited on by Ladies fair,

As once was He Sir Lancelot bight,

When first he left his Country dear:

And the Rest, which gives so delightful an Account both of his Loves and Feats of Arms. From that Time the Order of Knighthood was delivered down from Hand to Hand, and has by degrees dilated and extended itself into most Parts of the World. Then did the Great Amadis de Gaule signalize himself by Heroick Exploits, and so did his Offspring to the fifth Generation. The Valorous Felix-Marte of Hyrcania then got immortal Fame, and that undaunted Knight Tirante the White, (g) who never can be applauded to his Worth. Nay, HAD WE BUT LIV'D A LITTLE SOONER, we might have been blest with the Conversation of that invincible Knight, the Valorous Don Belianis of Greece. And this, Gentlemen, is that Order of Chivalry, which, as much a Sinner as I am, I profess, with a due Observance of the Laws which those brave Knights observ'd before me. If therefore Don Quixote was so near the Time in which Don Belianis of Greece and the other numerous Knights-Errant are feign'd to have liv'd, having referr'd them to the Ages immediately succeeding the Origin of Christianity, as has been observ'd and censur'd by the learned Author of the Dialogue of the Languages beforemention'd (h), it follows that Don Quixote de la Mancha must be suppos'd to have liv'd many Centuries ago. How then comes Cervantes to talk of Coaches (i) being in Use in Don Quixote's time? Since we are told by Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo in the Second Part of the Officers of the Royal Household that the Princess Margaret when she came to be espous'd to the Prince Don John, brought in the Use of Chariots or Coaches with four Wheels, and when she returned again to Flanders a Widow, such sort of Carriages ceas'd, and Litters came again into play. And even in France itself, from whence we had this Fashion, as almost all others, the Use of Coaches is of no ancient date; for John de Laval Boisdapphin of the House of Memorancy, was the first Person who, towards the close of Francis the 1st's Reign, made use of a Coach because of his Corpulency which was so excessive he could not ride on Horseback. In the Reign of Henry II there were in the Court of France but two Coaches in all, one for the Queen his Consort, and another for his natural Daughter the Lady Diana. In the City of Paris, Christopher de Thou (Thuanus) being nominated First President, was the First that had a Coach; but he never went in it to the Royal Palace. These Examples which either Grandeur or Necessity first introduced, were soon so perniciously prevalent, that nothing could come up to the Vanity of them. As for Spain, Don Lorenzo Vander Hamin & Leon writing upon this Subject in the First Book of Don John of Austria's Life, has the following warm Expressions: There came Charles

(g) Cervantes himself by the Mouth of the Curate very much commends this Book as a Treasure of Delight, and a Mine of Pastime. But Ludovicus Vives condemns it, and all others of the same Stamp.

(h) Page 161. (i) Part I. ch. 8, 9, and Part II. ch. 36, &c. &c.

Charles Pubest a *Servant* of Charles the Vth. King and Emperor, in a Coach or Chariot, such as are used in those Provinces: A Thing very rarely seen in these Kingdoms. Whole Cities ran out to stare at it, so little known was this sort of Pleasure at that Time. For then they only made use of Carts drawn by Oxen, and in them were often seen riding the most considerable Persons even of the Court. Don John (for example) went several Times to visit the Church of our Lady de Regla (the Loretto of Andaluzia) in one of these Wains or Carts in Company with the Dutcheſs of Medina. This was the Practice of that Time. But within a few Years (threescore and ten or thereabouts) it was found necessary to prohibit Coaches by a Royal Proclamation. To such a Height was this infernal Vice got, which has done so much Mischief to Castile. In order to paint forth this Abuse, Cervantes brings in Teresa Panza, Wife to a poor labouring Man, expressing mighty hopes of riding in a Coach, purely upon the conceit of her Husband's being Governor of the Island Barataria. In like manner, to ridicule some Doctors Degrees which were conferred in his Time, and which ought to have been bestowed on such as were Men of Learning but were far from being so, he mentions some Licentiates who were Graduated in the Universities of Siguenza and Offuna in Don Quixote's Time, whereas the University of Siguenza was (by advice of Cardinal Ximenez) erected by John Lopez de Medina, Privy Counsellor to Henry IVth and his Envoy at Rome about the Year 1500. Later yet, in 1548, the University of Offuna was founded, with Charles Vth's and Pope Paul III'd's Approbation, by Don John Tellez de Giron, Condé de Ureña. Had Cervantes liv'd in these our Days; he would have said much more upon this Article of Degrees. But let Don Diego de Saavedra in his *Republica Literaria* be his Commentator.

104. It is likewise an Inadvertency to allude, (as he does) in the suppos'd Time of Don Quixote, to the Council of Trent which began to sit in 1544, under the Pontificate of Paul III'd. and broke up in Pope Pius IVth's Time.

105. Cervantes likewise makes the Curate speak of *America* before *Americus Vesputius*, the Florentine, (in 1497) had set his Foot in it, and call'd it by his Name, being in that respect more happy than *Christopher Columbus* the Genoese, who first discover'd it in 1492.

106. Neither ought he to have mention'd *Fernand Cortes*, or talk't of the Nimbleness of the Mexican Jockeys in mounting a Horseback, before ever *Cortes*, who conquer'd Mexico, breathed Vital Air, and before there were any Horses in that Country. He likewise names the famous Hill of *Potosi* before its prodigious Veins of Silver were discover'd by that barbarous mighty Hunter. Neither ought the Word *Cacique* (signifying a petty King) which came from *Hispaniola* have been put into the Mouth of such an Ignoramus as *Sancho Panza*.

107. Again, the Art of Printing being so recent an Invention, it shou'd not have been supposed to be known in Don Quixote's Time, nor ought mention to have been made of so many Modern Authors, both Foreigners and Spaniards. Foreigners, *Ariosto*, * *Verino*, *Sannazario*, *Lofraso*, a Sardinian Poet, *Polidore Virgil* and others. Among

* Cervantes says, *Verino* died *Florentibus Annis*. He died at 17, rather than take his Physicians Advice, which was a Wife. Politian made the following Epitaph on this very learned Youth and excellent Moral Poet of Florence:

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|--------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| Sola Venus poterat lento succurrere morbo, | } Venus alone his slow Disease cou'd cure: |
| Ne se pollueret, maluit ille Mori. | |
| | } But He chose Death, rather than Life not Pure. |

Among the *Spaniards* *Garci-lasso de la Vega*, whom he sometimes commends Expressly, at other times quotes his Verses (k) without naming him, and at other times alludes clearly to him. (l) Of *John Boscan*, a Poet Co-temporary with, and much a Friend of *Garci-lasso*, *Don Quixote* says, (m) *Old Boscan call'd himself Nemoroso*: wherein he mistakes, many ways, by calling him the *Old* or *Ancient Boscan*, and by alluding to *Garci-lasso de la Vega's* First Eclogue.

108. *Don Quixote* himself, speaking very justly of the common misfortune attending Translations, highly commends that of *Pastor Fido* done by Doctor *Christopher Figueroa*; and also that of *Amintas* done by *Don John de Jauregui*. Now the Reader must know that Doctor *Suarez de Figueroa* publish'd *Guarini's Pastor Fido*, in *Valencia*, Anno 1609, printed by *Pedro Patricio Mey*; and *Don John de Jauregui*, *Tasso's Amintas*, in *Seville*, printed by *Francisco Lira*, Anno 1618. in 4to.

109. Again, a *Shepherdess*, in discourse with *Don Quixote*, anticipately in point of time, names *Camoens*, and extolls him as a most excellent Poet even in his own *Portuguese* Tongue. (n) Her Words are these: *We and some other Shepherdesses have got two Eclogues by heart; one of the famous Garcilasso, and the other of the most excellent Camoens in his own Language the Portugueze*. Which is the same thing as condemning the *Spanish* Translations by *Louis Gomez de Tapia*, and others: whereas it is not possible for two such resembling Dialects of one and the same Language to be equal in Diction and Harmony.

110. In the celebrated *Sixth Chapter of the First Part*, supposing the Scrutiny to be in *Don Quixote's* time, there are Criticisms made on the Works of *George de Montemayor*, *Gil Polo*, *Lopez Maldonado*, *Don Alonso de Ercilla*, *John Rufo*, *Christopher de Virvès*, and ev'n on the *GALATEA* of *Cervantes* himself.

111. He likewise mentions (o) the Works of the famous Bishop of *Avila*, *Don Alonso Tostado* (*Tostatus*), a native of *Madrigal*, from whence he chose to be styled. He was born about the Year 1400, and dy'd in *Bonilla de la Sierra* the 3d of September 1455. (p) He cites *Dioscorides* illustrated by Doctor *Laguna*, printed at *Salamanca*, Anno 1586; and the Proverbs of the Commendary *Greigo*, publish'd in the same City, Anno 1555. He quotes in like manner *Villalpando's Summulae*, (q) whereas Doctor *Gaspar*, Cardinal de *Villalpando* printed them at *Alcala* Anno 1599.

112. The Books which *Cervantes* censur'd without naming the Authors, almost all of 'em his *Co-ætanians*, are very numerous. I shall only point out a few.

113. Speaking of the Translation of *Ariosto*, done by *Geronimo de Urrea*, which was printed at *Lyons* in 4to. by *William Roville*, Anno 1556. *Cervantes* makes the Curate say, *I cou'd willingly have excus'd the good Captain who translated it that Trouble of attempting to make him speak Spanish, for he has deprived him of a great deal of his primitive Graces; a Misfortune incident to all those who presume to translate Verses, since their utmost Wit and Industry can never enable 'em to preserve the native Beauties and Genius that shine in the Original*. From whence may be inferr'd how much more insipid were the

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(k) Part II. ch. 6, &c. (l) Ibid. ch. 8. and 18. (m) Ibid. ch. 67. *Cervantes* here puns upon the likeness betwixt *Boscan* and *Bosque*, which is Spanish or rather Gothick for a Grove of Trees (from whence perhaps our Word *Bush*.) *Nemus* in Latin (from whence the *Nemoroso* above) means the same. (n) Part II. ch. 58. (o) Part II. ch. 3. (p) *Tostatus* writ so much and so well, that it is admir'd how the Life of Man cou'd reach to it. *Stevens's Dict.* (q) Part I. ch. 47.

two Translations done in Prose, and publish'd by two Toledians; one, nam'd *Fernando de Alcocer*, Anno 1510. the other *Diego Vasquez de Contreras*, Anno 1585. Both of 'em as Wretched as Faithful Interpreters of *Ariosto*, to a Letter. Farther on, the Curate speaking of the three *Diana's*, viz. that of *George de Montemayor*, which contains the *First* and the *Second Part*, publish'd at *Madrid* by *Louis Sanchez*, Anno 1545. in 12ves. That done by *Alphonso Perez*, Doctor of Physick, known by the Name of *Salmantino* (the *Salamancan*) publish'd at *Alcala*, Anno 1564. in 8vo. and Lastly, that of *Gaspar Gil Polo*, printed at *Valencia*, Anno 1564. The Curate, I say, speaking of the three *Diana's* says thus: *Since we began with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion we ought not entirely to burn it, but only take out that Part of it which treats of the Magician Felicia and the enchanted Water, as also all the longer Poems; and let the Work escape with its Prose, and the Honour of being the First of that Kind. Here's another Diana, quoth the Barber, The Second of that Name, by Salmantino; nay, and a Third too, by Gil Polo. Pray, said the Curate, let Salmantino increase the Number of the Criminals in the Yard; but as for that of Gil Polo, preserve it as charily, as if Apollo himself had wrote it. A little farther the Barber says again: These that follow are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Cure of Jealousy. Then there's no more to do, said the Curate, but to deliver them up to the secular Arm of the House-Keeper, and do not ask Wherefore, for then we shou'd never have done. As for the Author of the Cure of Jealousy, I know not who he was. The Shepherd of Iberia was written by Bernardo de la Vega, a native of Madrid, Canon of Tucuman in South America; it was printed Anno 1591 in 8vo. The Author of the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares was Bernard Perez de Bobadilla, it was publish'd Anno 1587 in 8vo. Cervantes alluding to these two Censures, and desiring the World should know that in The Voyage to Parnassus (in which he brings in almost all the Poets in Spain) he had bestowed Praises on several according to popular report; he introduc'd a Poet that was dissatisfy'd, upbraiding him with omitting these two Poets and for Censuring them as he has done above. The said Poet falls upon Cervantes in this manner: (r)*

*'Tis true, Barbarian, Thou hast justly prais'd
Some few; and others as unjustly rais'd
High as the Heav'ns, who in Oblivion lay
Nor saw the Moon by Night, or Sun by Day.
The Great Bernard thou hast of Fame beguil'd,
Iberia's Shepherd, from la Vega styl'd. —
The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares Banks
For thy ill Usage owe thee little Thanks.*

Cervantes in the latter part of his Poem has brought upon the Stage the beforementioned *Bernardo de la Vega*; but he has put him among the bad Poets, in these terms:

*Late came Iberia's Shepherd to the Muster,
And with his Wit and Strength made beavy Bluster.*

114. In prosecuting the Scrutiny of *Don Quixote's* Books, the Barber says: *The next is the Shepherd of Filida. He's no Shepherd, return'd the Curate, but a very Discrete Courtier* (meaning *Louis Galvez de Montalvo*, who publish'd his *Shepherd of Filida* at *Madrid*,

(r) In ch. IV. of the Voyage to Parnassus.

Madrid, Anno 1582.) Keep him as a precious Jewel. Here's a much bigger Volume cry'd the Barber, call'd, The Treasure of divers Poems. Had there been fewer of them, said the Curate, they would have been more Esteem'd. 'Tis fit the Book shou'd be pruned and clear'd of several Trifles that disgrace the rest. Keep it however, because the Author is my very good Friend, and for the Sake of his other more Heroick and Sublime Productions. This is Fr. Pedro Padilla, a Native of Linares, a Carmelite Monk, and once, as is reported, a Knight of the Order of St. James. Among other Poetical Works, he publish'd a Song-Book, in which are contain'd some martial Events of the Spanish Arms in Flanders. It was printed at Madrid by Francisco Sanchez, Anno 1583. in 8vo. And Michael de Cervantes wrote some Laudatory Verses on the Author of it.

115. In the close of the Scrutiny, Cervantes says: *At last the Curate grew so tired with prying into so many Volumes, that he order'd all the rest to be burnt at a Venture. But the Barber shew'd him one which he had open'd by chance e'er the dreadful Sentence was pass'd. Truly, said the Curate, who saw by the Title 'twas the Tears of Angelica, I should have wept my self, had I caus'd such a Book to share the Condemnation of the rest; for the Author was not only one of the best Poets in Spain, but in the whole World, and translated some of Ovid's Fables with extraordinary Success. I take it, this refers to Captain Francisco de Aldana, Alcaide (i. e. Governor) of San Sebastian, who bravely died in Africa, fighting against the Moors, whose glorious Death was celebrated in Octave Rhimes by his Brother Cosmo de Aldana, Gentleman-Usher to Philip II. in the beginning of his Sonnets and Octaves, which were printed at Milan, Anno 1587. in 8vo. This Cosmo de Aldana printed all the Works he could find of his Brother Francisco, at Madrid, at the Printing-house of Louis Sanchez, Anno 1590, in 8vo. and having afterwards pickt up many more, he publish'd a Second Part at Madrid, printed by P. Madrigal, in 1591, in 8vo. Of this Francisco de Aldana his Brother Cosmo says, he translated into blank Verse Ovid's Epistles, and compos'd a Work intituled Angelica, and Medoro, in innumerable Octaves: which were never printed, as not being to be found; by means of these two Works we come to know that Cervantes intended Francisco de Aldana, and not Louis Barabona de Soto, of whose composing we have twelve Canto's of the Angelica, in pursuance of Ariosto's Invention. Of this Poem Don Diego de Saavedra Fajardo speaks, in his admirable Republica Literaria. And now with greater Lustre appear'd Louis de Barahona, a learned Man, and of a lofty Spirit; but he shared the Fortune of Ausonius: he had no Body to advise with. And so he gave the Reins to his Fancy, without any Moderation or Art. A Character which argues likewise that this was not the Poet on whom Cervantes bestow'd such unbounded Praises. Our Author in the next Chapter proceeds thus: Upon Don Quixote's loud Outcry they left further Search into the Books, and therefore 'tis thought the Carolea, and Leo of Spain, with the Famous Deeds of the Emperor, written by Don Louis de Avila, which doubtless were there, were committed to the Flames, unseen and unheard; for if the Curate had found them, they would perhaps have received a more favourable Sentence. The Carolea Cervantes here speaks of may be that which Hieronimo Sempere printed at Valencia Anno 1560. in 8vo. But I'm more inclin'd to believe it to be that publish'd at Lisbon, Anno 1585, by John Ochoa de Lafalde, in regard Cervantes, in his Voyage to Parnassus, speaking of the List of the Poets giv'n him by Mercury, says thus:*

*I took the List of Names, and, at the head,
That of my Friend John de Ochoa, read:
As true a Poet as a Christian, He——*

116. The Author of *Leo of Spain* was *Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos*, a Native of *Leon*, who publish'd his Poem and other Works, in *Salamanca*, Anno 1586. in 8vo. The *Commentaries of Charles the Vth's Wars in Germany*, had for its Author *Don Louis de Avila i Zuñiga*, chief Commendary of *Alcantara*, a Person in great Esteem with the Emperor, and highly celebrated by the Prime Wits and ablest Penmen of that Age.

117. These Anachronisms or Inconsistencies in respect of Chronology relating to *Men of Learning* are more than sufficient: Those committed by *Cervantes* in relation to *Men of the Sword* were likewise not a few; for he supposes that there was already written in *Don Quixote's* Age, the (f) History of the great Captain *Hernandez de Cordova*, together with the Life of *Diego Garcia de Paredes*; whereas the former dy'd in *Granada* the 2d of *December*, 1515. of a Quartan Ague (t) (to him fatal) in the 62d year of his Age; and the latter dy'd aged 64, in the Year 1533. and the *Chronicles of 'em* both were printed in *Alcalá de Henares*, by *Herman Ramirez*, Anno 1584. in Folio.

118. He likewise introduces the *Captive* talking of the Famous Duke of *Alva*, *Don Ferdinand de Toledo*, going over to *Flanders*.

119. The same *Captive* adds that he went along with him, and serv'd under him in all his Enterprizes: that he was present at the Executions of the Counts *Egmont* and *Horn*, and came to be an Ensign to a famous Captain of *Guadalaxara*, nam'd *Diego de Urbina*: He speaks of the Island of *Cyprus* being taken from the *Venetians* by the *Turks* in 1571; as likewise of the League between the Holy Pontiff *Pius V.* and *Spain* against the Common Enemy of *Christendom*, and that *Don John of Austria*, natural Brother to *Philip the II*d was General of that Holy League. He says he was in the famous Sea-fight of *Lepanto* in quality of a Captain of Foot, which Battle was fought and won by the *Christians* the 7th of *October*, 1572. He says that *Uchali* King of *Algiers*, a brave and bold Pirate, having boarded and taken the Admiral Galley of *Malta*, there being only three Knights left alive in it, and they much wounded, *John Andrea Doria's* Ship in which he (the *Captive*) was with his Company, bearing up to succour the said Admiral, he (the *Captive*) leap'd into the Enemy's Galley, which shearing off from the other that had layd her on Board, prevented his Men from following him, and so he was left alone amidst his Enemies, who were too numerous to be withstood, and consequently taken Prisoner very much wounded. A little farther, he celebrates *Don Alvaro de Bazan*, Marquis of *Santa Cruz*. He gives a very particular Account how two Years afterwards the *Turks* re-took the *Goleta* and a little Fort or Tower *Don John* had built near *Tunis*, in the Middle of a Lake where *Don John de Zanguera*, a Gentleman of *Valencia* and notable Soldier Commanded, who surrender'd upon Articles. He says *Don Pedro Puertocarrero* General of *Goleta* was taken and dy'd for Grief

(f) Part I. ch. 32, &c. (t) By this Parenthesis, the Author seems to have an Eye to the Spanish Proverb, *Por Quartana, nunca se tanó Campana.* A Bell was never rung for a Quartan Ague, that is, People do not die of it.

Grief in his way to *Constantinople*: That many Persons of Note were kill'd, and among them *Pagàn Doria* the generous Brother of the renown'd *John Andrea Doria*; and that among those who were made Prisoners was *Don Pedro de Aguilar*, a Gentleman of *Andaluzia*, who was an Ensign, and likewise a very brave and ingenious Man, and one who had a rare Talent in Poetry.

120. In another Place he highly commends the *Stilletos* as sharp as an Awl, of *Ramon de Hozes* the *Sevillian* Cutler's making who liv'd in *Cervantes's* own Time. He likewise mentions the Story of the Scholar *Toralvas* being hoisted into the Air a Horseback on a Reed by the Devil, with his Eyes shut, and so carry'd in twelve Hours to *Rome*, and set down at the Tower of *Nona*, which is in one of the Streets of that City; and that he saw there the dreadful Tumult, the Assault and Death of the Constable of *Bourbon*, and next Morning found himself at *Madrid*, where he related the whole Story. He likewise names that arrant Cheat * *Andradilla*. And after the same manner our Author brings in many others whose Memory was very recent in his own Time. Was there ever such a string of Anachronisms!

121. But they don't end here. *Cervantes* says (u) that *Don Quixote* met with a Company of strolling Players, who had on *Corpus Christi* Day, in the Morning, been acting a Play call'd the *Parliament* or *Cortes of Death*, and were going forward to another Town to play it over again in the Afternoon; and herein he is worthy of Censure for supposing the Representation of Devout-Plays in *Don Quixote's* Time; since 'tis certain, in those Days there was no such thing as Farce-playing, especially in solemn Festivals, neither indeed was it at all conformable to the Gravity of the Ancient Manners.

122. He likewise supposes the practice of cooling Liquors with Snow, (x) whereas 'tis certain *Paulo Jarquies*, (who liv'd in *Philip* the III'd's Time) was the first Author or Inventor of the Tax upon Wells where Snow was kept; the manner of keeping it and using it having been, before that, introduc'd into *Spain* by *Don Luis de Castelvi*, Gentleman-Taster to the Emperor *Charles Vth*, of whom (y) *Gaspar Escolano*, expressing himself his usual way, writes thus: (z) *To this Gentleman is Spain indebted for the Knowledge of keeping Snow in Houses* (by Houses he means Wells) *in the Mountains where it falls, as likewise the practice of cooling Water with Snow. For no other Means for doing this, but by Salt-petre, being generally known, he was the first that brought Snow into Use, in the City of Valencia; which, besides being very delicious, is of a singular good Effect in Lethargies, Spotted-Fevers, Pestilential Calentures, and other most grievous Disorders, occasion'd by excessive Heat in Summer time, and as such the use of it spread itself by degrees all over Spain: And ever since that Time, we of Valencia have always call'd that Gentleman by the name of Don Luis de la Nieve; that is, Mr. SNOW.*

123. *San Diego de Alcalà* and *San Salvador de Orta* were beatified in *Philip* the III'd's Time, and in allusion to this says *Sancho* to *Don Quixote*: (a) *And let me tell you, Sir, Yesterday or t'other Day, for so I may say, it being not long since, there were two bare-footed Friars Canoniz'd or Sainted; and you can't think how many poor Creatures thought*
h 2 *themselves*

* *Andradilla* was a sharpening Scoundrel in Spain, as famous as whom you please in England. (u) Part II. ch. 11. (x) Part II. ch. 58. (y) The Translator takes this to be his Family Name, tho' in Valencia, they give this name to the Sacristan, that is, to him that has charge of the Vestments and holy Vessels of the Church. (z.) *Historia de Valencia*, Lib. 8. c. 28. (a) Part II. ch. 8.

themselves happy but to kiss or touch the Chains with which they girt and tormented their Bodies, and I dare say they are more revered, than is Orlando's Sword in the Armory of our Sovereign Lord the King.

124. In the Reign of Philip III the General of the Gallies of the Indies was Don Pedro Vich, a Valencian Gentleman, whom Cervantes highly extolled in his *Novel of the two Ladies*, and pointing to this Personage, on occasion of relating Don Quixote's entering one of the Gallies, he says: (b) *The General, for so we must call him, by Birth a Valencian, and a Man of Quality, gave him his Hand, and embracing him, said, this Day will I mark as one of the happiest I expect to see in all my Life, since I have the Honour now to see Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

125. The last Edict for the Expulsion of the Morisco's out of Spain, was publish'd in the Year 1611, and yet Cervantes introduces a Morisco nam'd Ricote, making (c) the Encomium of Don Bernardino de Velasco, Count of Salazar, to whom Philip the III had committed the Care of seeing those Morisco's expell'd.

126. But why do I stand heaping up Anachronisms, when Don Quixote's whole History is full of 'em? I shall conclude with saying that Sancho Panza dated his Letter to his Wife Teresa Panza on 20th June 1614, the very Day perhaps on which Cervantes wrote it.

127. But notwithstanding all this I am far from saying that Michael de Cervantes de Saavedra is absolutely inexcusable: For, as in the very beginning of his History he says that Don Quixote liv'd not long since in a Village of La Mancha, so he afterwards follow'd the Thread of this first Fiction, and having forgot it at the End of his History, he propos'd to imitate Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo in the forecited Place, and so anticipated the Time Don Quixote liv'd in. And then this will be the only Inadvertency he is guilty of; or to say better, Don Quixote is a Man of all Times, and a true Image and Representative of Ages past, present and to come; and accordingly is adaptable to all Times and Places. And tho' perhaps the severest Criticks will not allow of this Excuse, they will not at least deny that these Negligences, and others, which it were easy to add, of wrong allusions and equivocations, which are apt to abound in a Mind somewhat abstracted and drawn off by an over-attentiveness to the Grand Design, I say, it will not be deny'd that they are aton'd for and recompenc'd by a thousand Perfections; since it may with Truth be averr'd that the whole Work is the Happiest and Finest Satir that has hitherto been written against all Sorts of People.

128. For, if we attend to the Scope and Design of the Work, Who cou'd have thought that by the means of one Book of Chivalry, all the rest should be banish'd out of the World? But so it was, for, writing as Cervantes did from his own Invention, and in all the agreeable Varieties of Stile, he was entirely single without a Rival in this kind of Writing, as one who thoroughly knew wherein the rest of the Writers had err'd, and perfectly sensible how those Failings of theirs might be avoided, fully satisfying at the same time the Taste of every Reader, and he never better manifested the Greatness of his Notions, than when, by the Mouth of the Canon of Toledo, he spoke in the following manner: (d) "Believe me, Mr. Curate, I am fully convinc'd, that these they call Books of Chivalry, are very prejudicial to the Publick. And tho' I
" have

(b) Part II. ch. 63. (c) Part II. ch. 65. (d) Part I. ch. 47.

“ have been led away by an idle and false Pleasure, to read the Beginnings of almost
 “ as many of them as have been printed, I could never yet persuade myself to go through
 “ with any one to the End; for to me they all seem'd to contain one and the same
 “ thing; and there is as much in one of them as in all the rest. The whole Compositi-
 “ on and Stile of 'em, in my Opinion, very much resembles that of the *Milesian* Fables,
 “ and are a sort of (e) idle Stories, design'd only for Diversion, and not for In-
 “ struction; it is not so with those Fables which are call'd Apologues, that at once
 “ delight and instruct. But tho' the main Design of such Books is to please; yet I
 “ cannot conceive how it is possible they should perform it, being fill'd with such a
 “ multitude of unaccountable Extravagancies. For the Pleasure which strikes the
 “ Soul, must be deriv'd from the Beauty and Congruity it sees or conceives in those
 “ things the Sight or Imagination lays before it, and nothing in it self deform'd or
 “ incongruous can give us any real Satisfaction. Now what Beauty can there be, or
 “ what Proportion of the Parts to the whole, or of the whole to the several Parts, in
 “ a Book, or Fable, where a Stripling at sixteen Years of Age at one Cut of a Sword
 “ cleaves a Giant, as tall as a Steeple, thro' the middle, as easy as if he were made
 “ of Paste-board? Or when they give us a Relation of a Battle, having said the Ene-
 “ my's Power consisted of a Million of Combatants, yet, provided the Hero of the
 “ Book be against them, we must of necessity, tho' never so much against our Incl-
 “ nation, conceive that the said Knight obtain'd the Victory only by his own Va-
 “ lour, and the Strength of his powerful Arm? And what shall we say of the great
 “ Ease and Facility with which an absolute Queen or Empress casts herself into the
 “ Arms of an Errant and Unknown Knight? What Mortal, not altogether barbarous
 “ and unpolish'd, can be pleas'd to read, that a great Tower full of arm'd Knights,
 “ cuts thro' the Sea like a Ship before the Wind; and sets out in the Evening from
 “ the Coast of *Italy*, lands by Break-of-day in *Prestor John's* Country, or in some
 “ other, never known to *Ptolemy* or discover'd by (f) *Columbus*? If it shou'd be an-
 “ swer'd, that those Persons who compos'd these Books writ them as confess'd Lyes;
 “ and therefore are not oblig'd to observe Niceties, or have regard to Truth, I shall
 “ make this reply, That Falshood is so much the more commendable, by how much
 “ it more resembles Truth, and is the more pleasing the more it is doubtful and pos-
 “ sible. Fabulous Tales ought to be suited to the Reader's Understanding, being so
 “ contriv'd, that all Impossibilities ceasing, all great Accidents appearing easy, and
 “ the Mind wholly hanging in suspense, they may at once surprize, astonish, please
 “ and divert; so that Pleasure and Admiration may go hand in hand. This cannot
 “ be perform'd by him that flies from Probability and Imitation, which is the Perfection
 “ of what is written. I have not yet seen any Book of Knight-Errantry, that com-
 “ poses an entire Body of a Fable with all its Parts, so that the Middle is answerable
 “ to the Beginning, and the End to the Beginning and Middle; but on the contrary,
 “ they form them of so many Limbs, that they rather seem to design a Chimera or
 “ Monster,

(e) As they had been manag'd before Cervantes. (f) Cervantes has it Marcus Paulus, not Christopher Columbus. Marcus Paulus was a Venetian, and a very great Traveller. He liv'd in the 13th Century, 1272. He had travell'd over Syria, Persia, and the Indies. An Account of his Travels has been printed, and one of his Books is intituled, *De Regionibus Orientis*.

“ Monster, than a well-proportion’d Figure. Besides all this, their Stile is uncouth, “ their Exploits incredible, their Love immodest, their Civility impertinent, their “ Battles tedious, their Language absurd, their Voyages and Journeyings preposterous; “ and in short, they are altogether void of solid Ingenuity, and therefore fit to be banish’d “ a Christian Commonwealth, as useless and prejudicial.” Cou’d there possibly be a stronger, or more judicious Satire against Writers of Knight-Errantry?

129. And then the particular Criticisms made by him on their respective Works were no less accurate than pleasant, as may be seen in the *Sixth Chapter* of his *First Part*, and in many more. (g) With how much Artifice or Banter, if I may use that Word, does he explode the Stile of those who preceded him in this kind of Composition, by making *Don Quixote* say, that when the History of his famous Achievements shall be given to the World, the learned Author will begin it thus: “ (h) Scarce “ had the ruddy-colour’d *Phæbus* begun to spread the golden Tresses of his lovely “ Hair over the vast Surface of the earthly Globe, and scarce had those feather’d “ Poets of the Grove, the pretty painted Birds, tuned their little Pipes, to sing their “ early Welcomes in soft melodious Strains, to the beautiful *Aurora*, who having left “ her jealous Husband’s Bed, display’d her rosy Graces to mortal Eyes from the “ Gates and Balconies of the Horizon of *La Mancha*, when the renowned Knight “ *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, disdaining soft Repose, forsook the voluptuous Down, “ and mounting his famous Steed *Rozinante*, enter’d the ancient and celebrated Plains “ of *Montiel*.

130. *Cervantes* exhibits so lively a Picture of the Vices of the Mind of other Writers, as well as of their Works, that nothing can be added to it. In the Preface to his *First Part*, which tho’ never so often read, has always the Charms of Novelty; with what a smile in his Countenance does he lash those who wanting Learning affect Erudition in the Margins of their Books, bursting themselves to appear learned: As if a variety of Quotations argu’d any thing more than a tumultuary confus’d reading, or the thumbing over a Common-place-book. Others as impertinently thrust their Citations into the Work it self, imagining that if they quote *Plato* or *Aristotle*, the Readers will be so foolish as to think they have read them. Others having scarce saluted the *Latin* Tongue, value themselves much upon their coming out now and then with their fine *Latin* Phrases. These *Don Quixote* had a fling at, when upon an occasion of speaking to *Sancho Panza*, he bid him (i) not be concern’d at leaving *Rozinante* and *Dapple* there, for the Sage that was to carry them thro’ remote Ways and Regions of such Longitude, would be sure to take care they should want nothing. I understand not your Rations, quoth *Sancho*; nor have I ever heard such a Word as *Lowndsy-chewd* in all my Life. Regions, said *Don Quixote*, is the same with Countries: and Longitude means Length: I don’t wonder thou dost not understand those Words, since thou art not oblig’d to understand *Latin*, tho’ there are those that pretend to know much of it, whereas they know no more of the matter than thou dost. For this reason, *Cervantes*, who piqu’d himself on his being perfect Master of the *Spanish* Tongue, tho’ not of the *Latin*, (which requires an Application and Exercise of many Years) brings in *Urganda* the unknown,

(g) Ch. 32. and 47.

(h) Part I. ch. 2.

(i) Part II. c. 29.

unknown, speaking to his Book, as if the Author, tho' thoroughly vers'd in the *Spanish*, refus'd to speak *Latin*, because he cou'd not do it so well as *John Latino*.

131. This *John Latino* was an *Ethiopian*, at first a Slave, and School-Fellow at the Grammar-School, with *Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova*, Duke of *Sessa*, Grandson of the Great Captain; and afterwards his Freed-man, and Master of the *Latin School* in the Church of *Granada*.

132. In like manner *Cervantes* ridicul'd the impertinent Remarks of Translators, when he wrote the subsequent Words: (l) *Cid Hamet*, Compiler of this famous History, begins this Chapter with this Affeuration, I swear like a true Catholick; which the Translator explains thus, That *Cid's* swearing like a true Catholick, tho' he was a Moor, is no otherwise to be understood, than that as the Catholicks, when they swear, do or ought to swear the Truth, so did he, when he swore like a true Catholick, to be faithful in what he intended to write of *Don Quixote*.

133. In another place, speaking of *Don Quixote*, he says: (m) Some say his Surname was *Quixada* or *Quesada*, for Authors differ a little in this Particular: However we may reasonably conjecture he was call'd *Quixada*. By which, I fancy, *Cervantes* means to reflect on the Impertinence of many who are fondly solicitous to heap up various Readings, only to shew how ingenious they are at frivolous Conjectures.

134. These Writers therefore, and such like, are those whom *Cervantes* reflects upon, when he says in his Preface they are very anxious to procure Approbations from their Friends, or to make them themselves, the better to satisfy their own Ambition of Applause. Tho' some grave, sober Writers, who know how great an Effect an extrinsic Authority will work upon half-witted People, do sometimes suffer themselves to be carry'd away either by a Thirst after Glory, or in Compliance with the Intreaties and Courtesy of their Friends, and are themselves the Coiners of the Encomiums that are made on their own Performances: As I suspect to have been the Case of Father *John de Mariana* in almost all his Works, and of *Cervantes* himself in his Second Part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

135. Besides Writers, not ev'n Readers have been exempted from our Author's Censure. Among others I am not a little pleas'd with that he made on those who write down ridiculous Notes in the Margins of their Books, such as that marginal Note written in the *Arabian History*, which when expounded in *Spanish* ran thus: (n) *This Dulcinea del Toboso*, so many times spoken of in this History, had the best Hand at powdering Pork, of any Woman in all *La Mancha*.

136. Not only those who write and read amiss, met with his just Reprimands, but likewise those who speak amiss. And this I think he had an Eye to in those words of the *Biscayner*: (o) *Get gone thou Knight, and Devil go with thou; or by he who me create, — if thou do not leave Coach, I will kill thou, as sure as I is a Biscayner*. *Don Quixote* who made shift to understand him well enough, very calmly made him this Answer. *Wert thou* (p) *a Knight or Gentleman, as thou art not, e'er this I would have chastis'd thy Folly and Temerity, thou inconsiderable Mortal. What! me no Gentleman?* reply'd the *Biscayner*; *I swear you be a Liar, as I be a Christian. If thou the Lance throw away,*

(l) Part II. ch. 27. (m) Part I. ch. 1. (n) Part I. ch. 9. (o) Part I. ch. 8. (p) *Cavallero* in *Spanish* signifies a Gentleman as well as a Knight.

away, and thy Sword draw, thou shalt soon who and who see is together: I will of thee no more make than of Mouse does a Cat: * the Water we will soon see who will to the Cat carry: Biscayner by Land, Gentleman by Sea, Gentleman in spight of Devil, and thou lyest if thou Other sayest Thing. Here we plainly see how much a Language is disfigured, and the Sense confounded, by a transpos'd and disturb'd placing of the Words: a Fault common to all old Books written in *Spanish*, as more immediately succeeding to the *Latin* Origin: a Fault likewise which *Cervantes* himself is not free from in his *Galatea*; which yet may be avoided by following the Custom of speaking: But as this Custom is not founded on a perfect Analogy, but has for Rules many Irregularities, hence it proceeds that there's no speaking or writing with an exact Propriety, without having thoroughly study'd the Grammar of our Mother Tongue, as was the practice of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, Nations which spoke the best and most accurately of any in the whole World. But since this is not the Usage in *Spain*, there have been but very few that have written with Purity and Correctness.

137. I omit that *Cervantes* would likewise teach us by the Mouth of *Don Quixote*, that a Country or Province may have its Privileges and Immunities, without Distinction of Persons; and that true Nobility, in the Opinion of all Mankind, consists in Virtue, and that those will always be most glorious who make themselves illustrious by Worthy, Generous and Heroick Actions. Upon which Subject in another place, (q) he makes an excellent Discourse, shewing the difference between some Knights and Gentlemen, and other Knights and Gentlemen; as likewise upon Families, Descents and Lineages. And *Cid Hamet* laughs at the (pretended) Gentility of *Maritornes*, a common Servant-wench at an Inn, (r) And 'tis said of this good-natur'd Creature, that she never made such a Promise (as she had done to the Carrier of coming to Bed to him) but she perform'd it, tho' she had made the Promise in the midst of a Wood and without any witness at all. For she stood much upon her Gentility and being well-born, and tho' it was her Fortune to serve in an Inn, she thought it no Disgrace, since nothing but Crosses and Necessity had brought her to it.

138. Neither did *Cervantes* spare the Great Dons of his Time, tho' he rally'd them covertly for their Neglect of, and Disregard they shew'd to, Men of Wit and Ingenuity. This Satire is very severe, and requires a particular attention. *Cervantes* admirably well sets out a false Humanist (one whom we commonly call a *Pedant*) and makes him draw two (s) very pleasant Pictures of himself, in which he exhibits a most ridiculous Idea of his own Works: This occasions *Don Quixote* to say; But, under favour, Sir, pray tell me, should you happen to get a License to publish your Books, which I somewhat doubt, Whom will you pitch upon for your Patrons? Oh, Sir, answer'd the Author, there are Lords and Grandees enow in *Spain*, sure, that I may Dedicate to. Truly, not many, said *Don Quixote*; there are, indeed, several whose Merits deserve the Praise of a Dedication, but very few whose Purse will reward the Pains and Civility of the Author. I must confess, I know a Prince (a Compliment to *Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro*, Count of *Lemos*) whose Generosity may make amends for what is wanting in the rest; and that to such a degree that

* He would say, We shall soon see who will carry the Cat to the Water, (i. e. who will have the best on't.) *Span. Prov.*

(q) Part II. ch. 6. (r) Part I. ch. 16. (s) One in ch. 22. the other in ch. 24. of Part II.

that should I make bold to come to Particulars, and speak of his Great Merits, it would be enough to stir up Envy in many a noble Breast. Of long standing therefore, and as it were hereditary, in Spain, is the little Notice taken of, or rather the Contempt shewn to great Writers. For which reason one has sought for a Mecænas out of it: And another being askt, why he repented of having done honour to the Memory of so many Persons, made Answer: (t) *Because they think, that the Celebrating their Praises is a Debt due to them, and that there's no Merit in doing one's Duty. They claim it as a Right, whereas, it is certainly rather a Favour, and no small one neither. And therefore a certain Author, took a prudent and a pleasant Course, when in the Second Edition of his Works, he put his Dedication among the Errata, and wrote, dele THE DEDICATION.*

139. No less prudent has Cervantes shewn himself in Things of common Life. In *Sancho* he characterizes very naturally, all Talkative, Prating People, making him tell a Story exceedingly well adapted for representing the Idea of a troublesome Talker like those we meet with every Day. (u) And because in Company and Converse of Mankind, there is no greater Impertinence than that of a Ceremonious Person, who pretends to be more mannerly and well-bred than ordinary, the Aim of that Story is levell'd at the Error of those who fondly imagine the very Essence of good Manners, to consist in a strict Observance of such Fooleries.

140. Neither did Cervantes approve of Clergymens lording it as they do in Noblemens Families: and against this he made (x) a strenuous Sermon.

141. Cervantes was greatly offended at the Insolence of the Players of his Time, especially the King's Players, who were in such high Favour at Court, and had such Interest in Great Mens Families, that they wou'd sometimes commit Murder, and yet go unpunisht, insomuch that they were become a publick Nuisance. (y) He accordingly sets 'em forth in their proper Colours.

142. Neither did the Distribution of Governments and Offices of Judicature go uncensur'd by our Author. And therefore he makes *Don Quixote* say, (for none but a Madman or an Ideot dare to say such Things) *We (z) are convinced by a variety of Instances that neither Learning nor any other Abilities are very material to a Governor. Have we not a Hundred of them that can scarce read a Letter, and yet they Govern as sharp as so many Hawks. Their main Business is only to mean well, and to resolve to do their best; for they can't want able Counsellors to instruct them. Thus those Governors who are Men of the Sword, and no Scholars, have their Assessors on the Bench to direct them. My Counsel to Sancho shall be, that he neither take Bribes, nor lose his Privileges, with some other little Instructions, which I have in my Head for him, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both to his private Advantage, and the Publick Good of the Island he is to Govern.* In this *Don Quixote* alludes to the two Instructions which he intended to give, and did afterwards give *Sancho Panza*, one of a Political or Publick Nature for the well Governing his Island; (a) and the other Oeconomical for Governing his own Person and Family; both of 'em highly worthy to be read and practis'd by every good Governor and Father of a Family. And now I'm speaking of Governors, I can't but take notice of what *Sancho* said when (b) they were talking with the Dutchess, what

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they

(t) *Gracian in El Criticón. Parte III. Cris. 6.* (u) *Part II. ch. 31.* (x) *Ibid.* (y) *Part II. ch. 11.* (z) *Part II. ch. 32.* (a) *Ibid. ch. 42, and 43.* (b) *Ibid. ch. 33.*

they shou'd do with Dapple, whether he shou'd be left behind or go along with his Master Sancho to his Government, *Adad, Madam, said Sancho, I have known more Asses than one go to Governments before now, therefore 'twill be no new Thing for me to carry mine.* The same Sancho (c) argues very shrewdly in the Matter of Hunting which he denys to be fit for any but idle Companions, and not at all for Governors who should be better employ'd, confirming his Opinion by natural reason, the same which mov'd the wise King *Alphonso* to say, (d) *That he ought not (speaking of a King) to be at such Expences in Hunting as to make him less able to do the Good he ought, nor to indulge himself so much in that Pastime, as to hinder his minding National Affairs.*

143. It wou'd swell to a large Volume, were we to display at full the true Reason and Ground of this Fictitious History; and yet more, if we were to speak of some Persons who believe themselves characteriz'd in the Mysterious part thereof. But since *Cervantes* was so cautious as to shroud his Ideas under the Veil of Fiction; let us leave those Constructions to the Curious Observations of the Readers: and let us follow the advice of *Urganda the Unknown*, *Not to pry into other Peoples Lives, but to pass by without Stopping when we come to a Place we can't see or make our way through.*

144. Only as for what concerns *Don Quixote*, I can't pass over in silence that they are very much mistaken who take *Don Quixote de la Mancha* to be a Representation of *Charles the Vth*, without any other Foundation than their fancying it to be so, or their desiring it should be so. *Cervantes* revered, as he ought, the Memory of a Prince of so many and such Heroick Virtues; and he oftentimes mentions him with the greatest Respect. No less mistaken are such as imagine our Author, to have drawn, in *Don Quixote*, the Picture of *Don Francisco Gomez de Sandoval i Roxas*, then Duke of *Lerma*, afterwards Cardinal-Priest, with the Title of *San Sixto*, by election of *Paul V.* the 26th of *March*, 1618. This Thought I say is by no means to be credited; for the Duke of *Lerma* being then Prime Minister, *Cervantes* wou'd not have dared to have made so flagrant a Mockery of him, which might have cost him so dear; nor wou'd he have dedicated the Second Part of it to the *Condè de Lemos*, an intimate Friend of the Duke's.

145. To go about to speak of the Translations which have been made of the History of *Don Quixote*, would be enlarging too much on this Subject. I shall only say, in order to satisfy in some measure the Curiosity of the Readers, that *Lorenzo Franciesini*, a Florentine, a Man that greatly lov'd and well deserv'd of the *Spanish Tongue*, translated it into *Italian*, and published it at *Venice*, Anno 1622, omitting the Verses, which being afterwards done by *Alexandro Adimaro*, a Florentine likewise, he a second Time publish'd the same Translation, at *Venice*, Anno 1625, in 8vo. printed for *Andrès Baba*. I owe this Knowledge to *Don Nicholas Antonio*, and read it in his *Apuntamientos Manuscritos* (his Manuscript Notes) where he says he had received his Information from *Florence*, from his Friend *Antonio Magliabechi*. The same History was translated into *French*, and publish'd at *Paris* in 1678, in 2 Vol. in 12ves. afterwards in *English* and other Languages. But there's as much Difference between the Original and the Translations, as between real Life and a Picture. *Don Quixote* said, nor did he say amiss: (e) *That Translating out of one Language into another, unless it be out of the learned Tongues, the Greek and Latin, is just like looking on the wrong side of a Flemish Tapestry,*

(c) Part II. ch. 34. (d) Law 2. Tit. 5. Part II. (e) Part II. ch. 62.

*Tapestry, where tho' the Figures may be seen, yet are they full of Threads and Ends which hide their Beauty, that appears with Plainness and Smoothness on the other Side. He added, That translating out of easy Languages argues neither Wit nor Stile, no more than Copying out of one Paper into another: As for the latter Part of this Period relating to Translating out of Easy Languages, this must be understood of those Books whose chief perfection consists not in Stile, for when the Beauty of Diction runs thro' a whole Work so conspicuously and advantageously as in this of *Don Quixote*, it is impossible for a Translation to keep up to the Original. It may not be amiss, upon this occasion, to relate a true Story. It is well known in *England* how ingenious and celebrated a Poet Mr. Row was. He went one Day to pay his Court to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer of *England*, who askt him if he understood *Spanish* well? He answer'd, No, he did not; but, thinking that his Lordship might intend to send him into *Spain* on some Honourable Commission, he presently added, that in a short Time he did not doubt he shou'd be able both to understand it and speak it: The Earl approving of what he said, Mr. Row took his leave, and immediately retired out of Town to a private Country-Farm. As he was a Person of quick Parts, within a few Months he learn'd the *Spanish* Tongue, and then waited again on the Earl, to give him an account of his Diligence. My Lord asking him if he was sure he understood it thoroughly, and Mr. Row answering in the Affirmative, the Earl burst into an Exclamation: *How Happy are You, Mr. Row, that can enjoy the pleasure of Reading and Understanding the History of Don Quixote in the Original!* The Poet remained no less confounded at these Words, than the Memory of *Cervantes* was honoured by them. **

146. While *Cervantes* was preparing the Continuation of the History of *Don Quixote*, he diverted himself in writing some NOVELS, which he publish'd under this Title, *Exemplary Novels of Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, printed at Madrid, by John de la Cuesta, Anno 1613. in 4to.*

147. There are twelve of these NOVELS: and their Titles are: * THE LITTLE GIPSEY. THE LIBERAL LOVER. RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO. THE SPANISH-ENGLISH LADY. THE GLASS DOCTOR. THE FORCE OF BLOOD. * THE JEALOUS ESTREMADURAN. THE ILLUSTRIOUS SERVANT-MAID. THE TWO MAIDEN LADIES. THE LADY CORNELIA. * THE DECEITFUL MARRIAGE. * THE DIALOGUE OF THE DOGS.

148. *Cervantes* was so justly satisfy'd with these Novels, (some of which, such as RINCONETE and CORTADILLO, and others, he had written some Years before) (f) that in his Dedication of them to the Count de Lemos, he goes so far as to say: *Your Excellency will please to be informed that I send you, (tho' I don't love Tale-bearing) twelve TALES, which if they had not been coin'd in the Mint of my Brain, might presume to place themselves upon a level with the Best.* But it is very proper to relate here what *Cervantes* propos'd by these Novels, in order to judge the better of the Censure pass'd on them by the *Aragonian* writer.

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149. After

* Mr. Row shou'd have writ another Farce call'd the Biter, and dedicated it to my Lord and seen what that wou'd have done.

* These Markt with a * were translated and publish'd some Years ago by the Translator of this Life. (f) Part I. ch. 47.

149. After *Cervantes* had said, that if in the History of *Don Quixote*, he had solicited Pompous Commendatory Verses, it had fared better with him, he goes on thus: *And therefore I tell thee (once more amiable Reader) that of these NOVELS which I now offer thee, thou canst in no wise make a Ragoo of Gibblets; because they have neither Feet, nor Head, nor Inwards, nor any Thing like 'em. I mean, that the Amorous Expressions which thou wilt find in some of 'em, are so chaste, so innocent, so temper'd with Rational and Christian-like Discourse, that they cannot raise either in the unwary or wary Reader, the least corrupt Ideas. I call 'em EXEMPLARY, and, if thou mindest it, there is not any one of them from whence there may not be drawn some Useful Example. And were it not for fear of being Prolix, I wou'd shew thee the Savoury and Wholsome Fruit that may be gathered, either from each of them separately, or from all of 'em together. My Intention has been to set before the Publick a Truck-Table whereon every one may Play, without danger of the Bars; I mean without danger either to the Soul or Body; for lawful and agreeable Exercises rather do Good than Hurt. They certainly do; for People are not always at Church. They are not always in their Oratories; always upon their Knees. Neither are they always engag'd in Business, however great their Abilities may be. There are Times of Recreation wherein the tired Mind must rest itself, and the exhausted Spirits be recruited. For this purpose are Groves planted, Fountains set a running, Hills levell'd, and Gardens curiously cultivated. One thing I may safely affirm, that if I thought that the reading these Novels wou'd excite any evil Desire or Thought in the Breast of the Reader, I wou'd sooner have had my Hand cut off than have publish'd them. It does not suit one of my Years to make a Jest of the other World; being now on the wrong Side of Sixty-four. To this Work, as I was prompted by Inclination, so I set every Engine of my Fancy at work to make it please; and I'm not a little proud to say I am the first that ever writ Novels in the Spanish Tongue; for, of all the innumerable Novels which are printed in Spanish, there's not one but what's translated out of other Languages; whereas these are entirely my own Invention, not borrow'd, imitated, or stoln from Foreigners or Natives. My Fancy begot 'em; my Pen brought 'em forth, and in the Arms of the Press they are now to receive their Growth. . . . Only take this along with thee, gentle Reader, that as I have taken the liberty to dedicate these Novels to the Great Condè de Lemos, they contain a certain hidden Mystery, which enhances their Value. This Mystery is a Mystery to me, 'tis a Secret I cannot arrive at: Let those decypher it who can. As for all the rest we clearly understand the Motive *Cervantes* had to call his Novels by the name of *Exemplary*. Notwithstanding all this, the Slandrous *Arragonian* began his Prologue or Preface in this Manner: *The whole History of Don Quixote being as it were a Comedy, it neither can nor ought to go without a PROLOGUE: And therefore this Second Part of his Atchievements is ushered in by One not so Cackling, nor Affronting to the Reader, as that which Michael de Cervantes Saavedra prefixt to his first Part, and of a much more bumble Nature than that with which he seconded it in his NOVELS, which are rather Satyrical than Exemplary.**

150. Let us not mind his bestowing on a Preface so justly admir'd the Epithet of *Cackling*, thereby comparing his Impertinence with *Cervantes's* excellent Performance. Neither let us heed his talking of *Cervantes's* affronting his Readers in a *Prologue*, wherein there's not the least Word said against 'em. What vext this Envious Man was *Cervantes's* saying he was the first that invented and writ Novels in the Spanish Tongue.

Let's

Let's hear what *Louis Gaitan de Vozmediano* says: In the Preface to his Translation of the First Part of the hundred Novels of M. John Baptist Giraldo Cinthio, printed at Toledo by *Pedro Rodriguez*, Anno 1590. in 4to. speaking of Novels strictly such, that is to say, if I take him right, *certain Fictions of Love-adventures, written in Prose and artfully contriv'd to divert and instruct the Readers*, according to the learned *Huetius's* definition; he proceeds thus: *Altho' hitherto this sort of Books have been but little known in Spain for want of translating those of Italy and France; yet it may not be long e'er somebody will take a fancy to Translate 'em for their Diversion, nay, perhaps since they see 'em so much admir'd Abroad, they may do what no Spaniard ever yet attempted; that is, compose Novels of their own. Which if once they bend their Minds to, they will perform better than either the French or Italians, especially in so fortunate an Age as the present.* And it fell out accordingly; for *Cervantes* wrote some Novels with that Ingenuity, Wit, Judgment and Elegance as may vie with the Best, not confining the name of Novel to Amorous Fables, but taking for his Subject any Thing that is capable of diverting his Readers Minds without endangering their Morals. *Lope de Vega* was so far from contradicting this, that he before had commended the Invention, Graces and Style of *Cervantes*, when in his Dedication to his First Novel he said: *Here (in Spain) are Books of NOVELS; some translated from the Italians, and others of Spanish Growth; in which Michael Cervantes has not been deficient either in matter of Style or Beautiful Sentiments.* But because this very same thing spoke by *Cervantes* in the Simplicity of his Heart, rais'd the Envy of the Detractor, he tax'd his Preface as arrogant and assuming; and his Novels as more Satyrical than Exemplary, alluding, doubtless, to those two Novels *The Glass Doctor* (*LICENCIADO VIDRIERA*) and the two Dogs (*LOS PERROS, SICIO I BRAGANZA*) of which the latter merited the Approbation of *Peter Daniel Huetius*, (g) than whom *France* never produc'd a more learned Man; and the former, if I judge aright, is the very Text from whence *Quevedo* took the Hints of his Satyrical Lectures against all sorts of Men.

151. Lastly, as for intituling the Novels, *Exemplary*, to speak my Mind freely, I shou'd not have call'd them by that Name; and in this I have the Concurrence of *Lope de Vega*, who in concluding his Commendation of *Cervantes's* Novels, adds: (h) *I confess they are Books of excellent Entertainment, and might have been Exemplary, as some of Valdelo's Histories: but then they should have been over-look'd by some learned Men, or at least old Courtiers, experienced in Affairs, and conversant in Aphorisms and notable Sentences.* But in order to pass a Censure on the Title which *Cervantes* gave his NOVELS, it was necessary to prove that it was not suitable thereto. But this was not an Undertaking for our *Arragonian* Censurer, who ought to have observ'd *Cervantes's* Explanation, and have taken this short Lesson of Master *Alexio Venegas*: (i) *Recapitulating (says he) these three Species of Fables, I say that the Mythologic Fable is a Discourse, which with pompousness of Language sets forth some Secret of Nature or Piece of History. The Apologic is an Exemplary Figure of Discourse, wherein the Intention of the Fabulist must appear to be the Instituting of Good Morals. The Milesian Fable is a vain and idle Raving without any Edification either of Virtue or Learning, and contriv'd purely to amuse and besot*

(g) Letter of the Origin of Romances. (h) Dedication of his First Novel to Señora Maria Leonarda. (i) In his Exposition of Momus, Conclus. 2.

beset those of a shallow Judgment or lewd Inclinations. Now Cervantes, leaving the Mythologic Fable to the ancient Poets; and the Milesian to shameless abandon'd Writers, Ancient and Modern; he pitch'd upon the Apologic or Exemplary. And that this may be fully understood, let us again hear this half-witted Reprover, who may perhaps give us Occasion to defend Cervantes with something new. Let him, (says he, speaking of Cervantes) content himself with his (k) Galatea, and his Comedies in Prose; for these are the utmost of his Novels: and let him cease to tire our Patience any longer. That COMEDIES should be written in Prose, is no Wonder; for the Greek and Latin ones are almost all of 'em written in Iambic Verse, so much resembling Prose, as oftentimes to be scarce distinguishable from it. And the best Comedies we have in Spain, namely THE CELESTINA, and EUPHROSINA are both written in Prose. Of the CELESTINA the learned Author of the Dialogue of the Languages says, that excepting some Words improperly used, and some other Latin ones, it is his Opinion, There's no Book written in the Spanish Tongue, wherein the Language is more natural, more proper, or more elegant. And since him, Cervantes has said, (l) that it was a Book in his Opinion Divine, had it spoke more covertly of Things Humane: Both of 'em Judgments, which according to mine, totally quadrate likewise with THE EUPHROSINA. However, I can't but own that amidst the Purity of Stile in this latter, there are Abundance of Pedantic Allusions which greatly cloy the Taste of the Readers.

152. That Novels shou'd be Comedies, is not much; since a Novel being a Fable, it is necessary it shou'd be some one of the Species of Fable, and in my Judgment it may be any of 'em, as may be observ'd in the subsequent Induction; wherein I shall make use of the Examples of Cervantes so far as they reach the Case, to the intent that it may be seen that he was a perfect Master in almost all the Species or Kinds of Fabulous Composition.

153. All FABLE is Fiction, and all Fiction is Narration, either of Things which have not happen'd, but were possible and might have happen'd; or of Things which never happen'd, nor were possible to happen. If the Narration is of Things merely possible, and due Regard be had to the Likeness and Proportion between the Thing feigned and the Thing design'd to be inculcated, it is call'd a PARABLE, of which the Holy Writings are full, as likewise the Book compos'd by the Infante Don John Manuel in his incomparable CONDE LUCANOR. And if we regard the Invention, it is call'd a NOVEL: a Name which in this Signification is not very ancient in Spain. But if the Narration is of impossible Things, it is call'd an APOLOGUE, such as the FABLES of ÆSOP and of PHÆDRUS. In which sort of Composition we are to take notice, that tho' the Hypothesis be impossible, when once its Agents or Parties are suppos'd to exist, the Propriety and Customs of the Persons feigned must be observed with Verisimilitude, keeping close to the Nature of Things throughout the whole. This Invention is of so great Use and Benefit, that we find it practis'd in the Holy Scripture: for in the (m) Book of Judges we read that the Trees held a Consultation to chuse a King over them. Some of whom refus'd to accept of the Royalty: The Olive-Tree, because he would not leave his Fatness; the Fig-Tree, because he would not forsake the Sweetness of his Fruit; the Vine, because

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(k) In his Preface before cited. (l) In the Verses of the Poet Entreverado prefixt to Don Quixote.
(m) Chap. IX. ver. 3.

he would not leave his Wine, which was so cheering: But when the Trees came to the Bramble and made the same Offer, the Bramble not only accepted of it, but threaten'd, in case they did not make him King, he wou'd set fire to the Cedars of *Lebanon*. We likewise read in the *Fourth Book of Kings*, (n) that *Jeboash* King of *Israel* sent to *Amaziah* King of *Judah*, that he should content himself with the Victories he had obtained and tarry at home and not meddle any further to his hurt, for fear That should befall him which had befallen the Thistle which sent to the Cedar that was in *Lebanon*, demanding his Daughter in Marriage for his (the Thistle's) Son; and at the time that he was making this Proposal, pass'd by a wild Beast that was in *Lebanon*, and trod down the Thistle, whilst with so much Arrogance he was aspiring to be joint Father-in-law with the Cedar. This being suppos'd, we may hold for an Apologue THE NOVEL OF THE DOGS, wherein *Cervantes* introduces an agreeable Dialogue between *Scipio* and *Braganza*, two Dogs belonging to the *Resurrection-Hospital* at *Valladolid*.

154. AS for NOVELS, specially so called; they are compos'd either of Things merely possible, as almost all of 'em are; or of real Accidents, as the NOVEL OF THE CAPTIVE does in a great Measure, and so *Cervantes* says himself. (o) But then the Plot and Unravelling is not true, for therein consists the NOVEL or FABLE.

155. The Feigning of Things possible, either proposes the Imitation of a perfect Idea, the best that can be conceiv'd according to the illustrious Actions which are to be heighten'd and made grand; or an Idea of Civil Life, that may more easily be reduced to Practice; or else of the Defects of Nature or of the Mind, whether to reprehend them, or to ridicule them, or to recommend them to Imitation; for the Malignity of human Wit and the Profligacy of some Mens Principles will not stick even to go that Length.

156. If the FABLE proposes a very perfect Idea, it is call'd EPOPEYA, which represents in a florid, majestick and sublime Manner the glorious Actions of Persons eminent in the Arts of Peace or War, with a View to excite Admiration in the Readers Minds, and to prompt them to imitate such Heroick Virtues. *Homer's ILIAD* and *ODYSSE'E* are of this nature.

157. *Antonius Diogenes*, who, as *Photius* (p) the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, conjectures, lived not long after *Alexander the Great*, wrote a Novel of the Travels and Loves of *Dinias* and *Dercilis*, which is a visible Imitation of *Ulysses's Travels* and *Amours* with *Calypso*. The Novel of the *Æthiopicks*, Written by *Heliodorus* Bishop of *Tricca* in *Thessaly*, was likewise an Imitation of *Homer's Odyssee*; as well as the *Amours* of *Clitophon* and *Leucippé* less chaste than the other: Its Author was *Achilles Tatius*, who, according to *Suidas* was also a Bishop. And that our Age might not be without a Novellist in *Homer's* manner, *M. Fenelon*, Archbishop of *Cambray*, wrote with wonderful Ingenuity in a Poetic Stile, *The Adventures of Telemachus*. Lastly, (not to depart from *Cervantes*) THE TROUBLES OF *PERSILES* AND *SIGISMUNDA* are clearly an Imitation of *Homer's ODYSSE'E* and *Heliodorus's ÆTHIOPICS*, which *Cervantes* intended to vie with; and as he made it the Object of his Competition, so in my Opinion he had excelled it, if he had not, out of the overflowing of his Wit, intermingled

(n) Chap. XIV. v. 8.

(o) Part I. ch. 33. at the End.

(p) In Bibliotheca.

mingled so many Episodes which disfigure and drown the Constitution and Proportion of the Members of the principal Fable. But then this very Fault has a singular Prerogative and Advantage, which is, that many of these Episodes are so many TRAGEDIES, where the Action is One, and the Person Illustrious, and the Stile suitable to the Grandeur of the Action, and nothing wanting to the Composition of a complete Tragedy, but a Dramatick Disposition, the *Chorus* and the *Apparatus* of the Scenery.

158. THE FABLE OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA imitates the ILIAD: That is to say, if *Anger* be a Species of *Madness*, in which Case I make no difference between *Achilles Angry* and *Don Quixote Mad*. As the ILIAD is an Heroick Fable writ in Verse, so the NOVEL OF DON QUIXOTE is one in Prose, for *Epicks may be as well writ in Prose as in Verse*, as (q) *Cervantes* says himself.

159. If a NOVEL proposes an Idea of Civil-Life with its artificial Plot and ingenious Solution, it is a Play, and such I take to be almost all *Cervantes's Novels*; and many of them have been turned into Plays and really acted upon the Stage, after being put into a Theatrical Form.

160. If the Life which a NOVEL represents is Pastoral, it will be called ECLOGUE with all the propriety of Speech that can be: And so *Cervantes* called his GALATEA. Let us now see how well the ignorant *Arragonian's* Words will square. Let him (says he speaking of *Cervantes*,) be content with his GALATEA, and his PLAYS in Prose, for these are the utmost of his NOVELS. I am very certain his Oracle *Lopè de Vega* would not have said this, since in his Dedication of the Novel *Desdichado Por La Honra* (Unfortunate for being Honourable) He has declared it to be his Opinion, that NOVELS have the same Precepts as PLAYS.

161. If Manners are chastized with an open Acrimony and a great severity of Temper, the NOVEL will be a SATIRE, as LA GITANILLA (*The little Gypsie*;) RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO, (Two Scoundrels, so call'd;) THE GLASS-DOCTOR, and THE DOGS SCIPIO AND BRAGANZA, which are four most ingenious Satires, resembling, as one may well guess, those composed by *Varro*, intituled MENIPPEAN, in reference to *Menippus* a Cynick Philosopher handling very solemn Matters in a merry waggish Stile. THE LITTLE GYPSIE is a disclosure and reprehension of the Ways and Manners of Gypsies, no better than Thieves and Robbers, (r) always prosecuted but never destroyed. RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO, is a Satyrical Representation of the Thievish Life, especially that of Cut-purses; which we (Spaniards) call *Gatuna* (*Cattish*.) The LICENCIADO VIDRIERA, (*Glass-Doctor*) is a Censure, in general, of all Vices whatever. THE NOVEL OF THE DOGS is an Invective against the abuses which are in the Profession of various Trades, Businesses, and Employments.

162. If the Manners, Customs or Actions are exhibited in a ridiculous Light, the NOVEL becomes then an ENTREMES, (an Interlude, or Entertainment as we now call 'em) of

(q) Part II. ch. 47. at the End. (r) *Salteador*, is the Spanish Word, and means a Highwayman, from *Saltare* to Leap, *Stevens* says, because they come unexpected as if they leap'd on a Man. I am inclin'd to think the Word comes from *Saltus*, as that Word signifies a Forest or Thick Wood, where such People harbour. I hope the Reader will excuse this Piece of Pedantry as some may think it. The reason of my inserting this suppos'd derivation of mine will appear presently.

of which kind of Composition, as I will shew in its due Place and Time, *Cervantes* has left us eight Pieces, and in the Four NOVELS just now named, there's a good deal of this; and even in DON QUIXOTE likewise.

163. Of the lewd Models or Patterns of the Vices, representing them as agreeable and pleasing, as is said to have been done by the ancient and well lost SYBARITICK NOVELS, and is still seen in the MILESIAN, *Cervantes* would not leave us any Example, because it cou'd have been no good one.

164. But that we may not want any Idea of the FABULA (f) SALTICA (*Saltick Fable*) if we may call by that Name, that which is said to have been invented or at least made use of by our (t) Countryman *Lucan*; *Cervantes* has left it us in his LITTLE GYPSY, &c. as he has also done of the FABULA PSALTICA, (v) which we may call CANTICLES, or, (if you will) Sing-song Fables; of which kind, our Author had compos'd (as he tells us himself in his *Voyage to Parnassus*) an infinite Number; among which many must certainly have been answerable to the greatness of his Wit and Genius; and I could my self point out some incomparable good ones: particularly that which begins *En la Corte está Cortes*, is in my Mind vastly pretty.

165. A skillful Inventor, like *Cervantes*, knows how to make an agreeable mixture of all these Species of Fables, as well with Regard to the Characters of the Persons, and the Manners, as in respect of the Stile, by appropriating it to the Subject treated of. And hereto alluded the Canon of *Toledo*, that is, *Cervantes* himself, when he said:
 “ (x) Notwithstanding all the harm he had spoken of those Books (Romances or Novels)
 “ yet he found one good Thing in them, which was, the Subject they furnisht a Man
 “ of Understanding with to exercise his Parts, because they allow a large scope for
 “ the Pen to dilate without any Check, describing Ship-wrecks, Storms, Skirmishes and
 “ Battles; representing to us a Brave Commander, with all the Qualifications requisite
 “ in such a one, shewing his Prudence in disappointing the Designs of the Enemy, his
 “ Eloquence in persuading or dissuading his Soldiers, his judgment in Council, his
 “ Celerity in Execution, and his Valour in Assailing, or repulsing an Assault; laying before
 “ us sometimes a dismal and melancholy Accident, sometimes a delightful and unexpected
 “ Adventure; in one Place, a beautiful, modest, discrete and reserv'd Lady; in another, a
 “ Christian-like, brave and courteous Gentleman; here, a boisterous, inhuman, boasting
 “ Russian; there, an affable, warlike and wise Prince; lively expressing the Fidelity and
 “ Loyalty of Subjects, Generosity and Bounty of Sovereigns. He may no less, at
 “ Times, make known his Skill in Astrology, Cosmography, Music and Policy; and
 “ if he pleases, he cannot want an Opportunity of appearing knowing even in Ne-
 “ cromancy. He may describe the subtilty of *Ulysses*; the Piety of *Aeneas*; the Valour
 “ of *Achilles*; the Misfortunes of *Hector*; the Treachery of *Sinon*; the Friendship of
 “ *Euryalus*; the Liberality of *Alexander*; the Bravery of *Cæsar*; the Clemency and Sin-
 k cerity

(f) I don't remember to have met with this *Fabula Saltica* before now. I suppose as *Saltus* means a Wood or Forest, so *Saltica* may signify the same as *Sylvatica* a Forest-Fable, or a Fable relating to such as live a Vagrant Life in Forests, like the Gypsies, who are the Subject of *Cervantes's* Novel of the Little Gypsy. *Lucan* wrote several Books (which are lost) call'd, some say, *Sylvæ*, others *Laureæ*; and these are what this Spanish Biographer must mean by *Fabula Saltica*, not a dancing Fable, from *Saltare*. (t) *Lucan* the Author of the *Pharsalia* was born at Corduba in Spain. (v) From the Latin or rather Greek *Psallo* to sing, or play on an Instrument. (x) Part I. ch. 47. and 48.

“cerity of *Trajan*; the Fidelity of *Zopyrus*; the Prudence of *Cato*; and in fine, all those
 “Actions which make up a complete Hero, sometimes attributing them all to one Per-
 “son, and other Times dividing them among many. This being so perform’d in
 “a grateful Style, and with ingenious Invention, approaching as much as possible to
 “Truth, will doubtless compose so beautiful and various a Work, that, when finisht,
 “its Excellency and Perfection must attain the best End of Writing, which is at once
 “to Delight and Instruct, as I have said before; for the loose Method practis’d in these
 “Books, gives the Author Liberty to play the Epic, the Lyrick, and the Dramatick
 “Poet, and to run thro’ all the other Parts of Poetry and Rhetorick; for Epicks may
 “be as well writ in Prose as in Verse. You are much in the right, Sir, reply’d the
 “Curate; and therefore those who have hitherto publish’d Books of that kind, are the
 “more to be blam’d, for having had no Regard to good Sense, Art, or Rules; by
 “the observation of which, they might have made themselves as famous in Prose, as the
 “Two Princes of Greek and Latin Poetry are in Verse. I must confess said the Ca-
 “non, (*who by the way is Cervantes himself as I have already said*) I was once tempted
 “to write a Book of Knightly Adventures myself, observing all those Rules; and to
 “speak the Truth, I writ above a hundred Pages, which for a better Tryal, whe-
 “ther they answered my Expectation, I communicated to some Learned and Ju-
 “dicious Men fond of those Subjects, as well as to some of those ignorant Persons,
 “who only are delighted with Extravagancies; and they all gave me a satisfactory
 “Approbation.”

Among these ignorant Persons he must not have consulted the *Arragonian* Censurer, who would have considered that he who knew so well the Precepts of the Art of Novel-writing, when once he took Pen in Hand, wou’d not fail to comport himself accordingly. In my Judgment, *Cervantes’s* NOVELS are the best that ever were written in *Spain*; as well in Regard to the sharpness and liveliness of Invention, and the Chastity of Manners, as for the Art wherewith they are dispos’d, and the propriety and sweetness of Stile with which they are written.

166. A Year after his NOVELS, he publish’d a small Book with this Title, A VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS. Written by Michael de Cervantes Saavedra: Dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, Knight of Santiago, &c. &c. Printed at Madrid by the Widow of Alonso Martin. Anno 1614. in 8vo.

167. *Cervantes* was not a little proud of this Performance. For my Part, I think it rather Witty than Agreeable; not that I’ll presume to call the Author a bad Poet, as Don Stephen Manuel de Villegas does, in an Epistle to Doctor Bartholomeo de Argensola: (y)

Thou, in the Conquest of Mount-Helicon,
 Shalt, better than *Cervantes* far, make One:
 Nor shall that Poetaster, for his Vein
 Of *Quixotry*, the Laurel’d Honours gain:

In which he alludes to *Cervantes’s* saying, (z) that the Two Brothers *Leonardos*, *Luper-
 cio* and *Bartholomeo*, did not go to *Parnassus* to give Battle to the bad Poets, because
 they were taken up at *Naples* in attending upon the *Condè de Lemos*. *Villegas* therefore
 wrested

(y) In the *Eroticks*, Elegia. 7. (z) *Voyage to Parnassus* ch. 3.

wrested *Cervantes's* meaning to a wrong Sense, by converting into Satire the Circumstance of those Great Wits not appearing at *Parnassus*; whereas They themselves were no doubt well pleas'd that this turn'd out to the Honour of the Nobleman their Protector: especially knowing how *Cervantes* had set a just value on their Merit before; having, when they were yet but Young, greatly commended them in his (a) *Galatea*, and afterwards in the same *Voyage to Parnassus*, so far as to say that in the very Crisis of the Battle,

*Apollo, now being put upon the Fret,
Determin'd his Last Stake of Pow'r to set,
And quell, with one important final Blow,
The obstinate Contention of the Foe.*

*A Poem, of a most Refined Strain
The Crucible of Barthlmeo's Brain
Had late produc'd: Religion was its Theme:
This did not, an Effectless Weapon, seem
To Phoebus. There, where the Grand Struggle lay,
Sent by the God, the Missive cut its Way:
All Opposition falls before it strait,
Soon as these Words the Warriors contemplate,*

(b) Turn thy Eyes inward for a-while, my Soul, &c.

168. And that which is most to be admir'd (in proof of the Rectitude of *Cervantes's* Judgment) is, his having spoke so much to the Advantage of the two *Leonardoes*, at a Time when he had Cause of Complaint against them, for not doing him the good Offices they had promis'd him, with the *Condè de Lemos*. (c) *Don Stephen Manuel de Villegas* knew all this, and yet, in Flattery to *Bartholomeo Leonardo*, wrenched *Cervantes's* Thought awry; and making a Comparison of one and t'other, gave *Bartholomeo* the Preference. Of which Censure 'tis impossible to make a right Judgment, unless we speak with Distinction, according to the several Species of Poesy. For instance, in the Versification of the *Arte Menor*, the Judgment and Weight of *Hernan Perez de Guzman*, and *D. George Manrique* is Marvellous; as well as the Wit, Good-sense, and Graces of *Don John Manuel*, *Hernan Megia*, *Gomez Manrique*, *Louis Bivero*, *Suarez*, the Commendary *Avila*, *Don Diego de Mendoza*, and a great many more, whose Thoughts were extremely bright, and their Language and Expressions no less delightful than noble. The Festivity of *Castellejo* is admirable; so is the Urbanity of *Luis Galvez de Montalvo*; the Diction of all these, is chaste, intelligible, and in all respects Agreeable. *Garci-lasso de la Vega*, is the sole Master of Eclogue. Comedy and Tragedy, I speak of Elsewhere. Of Lyric Poetry, the Prince was, he that was so (i. e. the Titular Prince) of *Esquilacho*, *Don Francisco de Borgia*, who yet, in point of Erudition, came short of *Don Luis de Gongora*; but tho' he versify'd finely and indeed inimitably, yet cou'd not equal him in the Observation of Art and Purity of Style. Satire and Heroic Poesy began late in *Spain*. Doctor *Bartholmeo Leonardo de Argensola* in the former (i. e. Satire) was a strict Observer of the niceties of Art, as being exceeding well vers'd in the three Latin Satirists, *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Persius*, whom he rather copy'd than imitated.

k 2

Don

(a) Lib. 6. (b) The first Line of a Divine Poem, written by Doctor Bartholomè Leonardo de Argensola. (c) *Voyage to Parnassus*, ch. 3.

Don Francisco de Quevedo was less observant of Art, and was freer and indeed more licentious in his Reprehensions. In every Thing he discover'd a Masterly Wit: But in his *Satyrical and Censorious Epistle against the present Manners of the Spaniards written to Don Gaspar de Guzmán, Condé de Olivarez*, he lets us know that had he given a Loose to his natural Genius, he had out-gone the greatest Satyrists that the World had ever produced. As for Heroick Poetry, I chuse rather to give *Cervantes's* Judgment than my own. He introduces the Batchelor *Sampson Carusco* speaking of the Famous Poets of Spain, and makes him say, (d) *That there were but Three and a Half in all.* And who these Three and a Half were, *Cervantes* himself shall tell us. As the Curate and Barber were making a Search into *Don Quixote's* Library, Here comes Three more for ye, (quoth the Barber) (e) *The Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla; The Austriada of John Rufo, one of the Magistrates of Cordova; and the Monserrate of Christopher de Virvès, a Valentian Poet.* These, cry'd the Curate, are the best Heroick Poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy. Reserve 'em as the most valuable Performances which Spain has to boast of in Poetry. By the Half-Poet, I take *Cervantes* to mean Himself; for, in the Person of *Don Quixote*, he said of himself: (f) *The Author of this Sonnet, to speak Truth, seems to be a tolerable good Poet, or I've but little Judgment.* And he had good Reason to say so; for according to the Testimony of *Mercury* himself he was an (g) excellent Inventor, and Invention is the Soul of Poetry. In every Thing which he invented, he keeps strictly to the Rules of Propriety and Decorum. (h) But as he had not that profound Learning which is requisite for Heroick Poetry; and as the Facetiousness of his Genius could not confine itself to the rigid Precepts of so serious an Art, he modestly and wisely declines calling himself a whole Poet. Nor indeed has he giv'n us any Tokens of his being so, either in his CANTO OF CALLIOPE, (i) or in his VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS.

169. This last Book (written in imitation of *Cæsar Caporali*) seems at first View to be an Encomium on the Spanish Poets of his Time, but it is really a Satire on them, as *Caporali's* Poem, under the same Title, is on the Italian Poets. The Author's Intention discovers itself in several Places. In one he says (k)

*And now true Eloquence began to Vanish:
This Man spoke Arabick, and that bad Spanish,
Another Latin, &c.*

In another Place he brings in (l) a mal-content Poet, reflecting upon ours, for celebrating so many who had no Merit to recommend 'em. The Words of this Postaster are quoted before in page 56.

170. To which Charge our Author makes no other Answer but that *Mercury* had given him that List, and that it belong'd to *Apollo*, as the God of Poetry, to assign each Poet the Place which their Wit and Capacity qualify'd 'em for.

171. This same VOYAGE is likewise a sort of MEMORIAL or PETITION of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*: And as Men that have no Friends, are oblig'd, tho' naturally Modest, to relate their Merits themselves, since they have nobody to do it for 'em, he introduces two Dialogues of his, one with *Mercury*, who according to ancient Mythology is the Messenger of the Gods, and another with *Apollo*, the Supreme Protector of the

(d) *Part II. ch. 4.* (e) *Part I. ch. 6.* (f) *Part I. ch. 23.* (g) *Voyage to Parnassus ch. 1.* (h) *Ibid. ch. 6.* (i) *See Book VI. of his Galatea.* (k) *Voyage to Parnassus, ch. 3.* (l) *Ibid. ch. 4.*

the Sciences; and in each of them *Cervantes* speaks what was fit shou'd be known to, and rewarded by, the King of *Spain* by means of his Favourite: For those who are so oblig'd to let their Masters know Who are deserving of Reward or Punishment, under the Penalty of being themselves condemn'd to perpetual Infamy. His First Discourse with *Mercury* runs thus:

*The Nuncio-God, commanding me to rise,
Addrest me thus, in Complimental guise:*

"Thou Protoplast of Poets, O my Friend
Cervantes, tell me quickly to what end
This Wallet and this Garb?" — "I'm going, Sir,

A Journey to *Parnassus*: Being Poor,
I travel as you see." — He strait rejoin'd,

"O Thou to whom the Gods have giv'n a Mind

"Rais'd above Man, above *Cyllenius* too,

"Plenty and Honour, as they are thy Due,

"Be they thy Lot! for well Thou dost deserve

"On all Accounts. A brave old Soldier starve!

"Forbid it Heav'n! I saw thee in the Fight

"Lose thy Left Hand, to immortalize thy Right.

"Such rare Invention and so high a Strain

"I know *Apollo* gave thee not in vain.

"Thy Works, on *ROZINANTE*'s Crupper laid,

"Are to all corners of the Earth convey'd.

"Go on, thou bright Inventor, Genius rare,

"Pursue thy Passage to *Apollo*'s Chair,

"He wants thy Aid: Proceed without delay,

"Lest crowds of Poetasters stop the Way:

"Already they begin the Hill t' invade,

"Altho' unworthy of its very Shade.

"Arm thy self with thy Verses, and prepare

"Thy Voyage to pursue beneath my Care.

"Thou shalt securely pass, along with me,

"Without what's call'd Provision for the Sea."

172. The Speech which *Cervantes* made to *Apollo*, was on the Occasion of seeing himself in *Parnassus*, the only Person that had not a Chair, nor so much as a Stool to sit on; alluding to the Disregard of his Wit and Parts, whereas he had been the First Man of his Time that had begun to raise Poetry from its groveling low Condition. As in this Discourse *Cervantes* mentions a great many Particulars concerning himself; it is absolutely necessary I should Copy it. He says thus: (m)

Verses, from Indignation flow sometimes,

But if the Maker's dull, dull are his Rhimes.

How'er, I was not in the least afraid

To say what exil'd Ovid never said:

And

And thus to Phœbus spoke. "Your Godship knows
 How much your Votaries do themselves expose
 To the Great Vulgar and the Small: how mean
 And slender their support who only lean
 Against the sacred Laurel Tree: O'erborne
 By Ignorance and Envy, or Forlorn
 And Over-lookt, they run their wretched Race,
 Nor e'er attain the Good they have in Chace.
 I form'd Fair GALATEA, to appear
 In lasting Charms on the World's Theatre:
 My Brain created her. 'Tis by my Lines
 The CONFUS'D FAIR-ONE so distinguisht shines.
 PLAYS I compos'd, some Comic, others Grave:
 Both suited to the Rules which Reason gave.
 The fretful, peevish, melancholy Mind
 In my DON QUIXOTE present Ease may find.
 My NOVELS shew'd a Way to reconcile
 Excessive Flights with Purity of Style.
 None, that I want Invention, can complain.
 (And he that wants Invention, wants the Main.)
 Early the Love of Verse my Soul inflam'd,
 And to please Thee my whole Endeavour aim'd.
 My Pen ne'er flew in Satir's Region yet:
 I never took Scurrility for Wit.
 (It frets me tho', and I lament my Fate
 That I must stand, while others sit in State.)
 Old as I am, I've finish'd for the Press
 The Tale of Great PERSILES in Distress.
 Three Servile Low-life Subjects I have wrought
 With all the Chastity of Style and Thought.
 Equal to PHYLIS, my PHILENA strove
 For Mastr'y with the Warblers of the Grove,
 In many a pleasing Song of happy Love.
 As in the fleeting Wind my Hopes were sown,
 So with the fleeting Wind my Hopes are sown.
 Flatt'ry, the Vice of Beggars, I detest:
 And Fraud ne'er found admittance to my Breast.
 I curse not my short Commons; but to keep
 Standing, in such a Place, cuts very deep."
 Phœbus reply'd to this complaining Speech,
 "The Ways of Heav'n are far beyond Man's Reach.
 "To Some, Good Fortune comes by slow degrees;
 "To Others, all at once. And so it is

With

"With Evil Fortune. An acquir'd Estate
 "Is full as hard to Keep as 'twas to Get.
 "Your Fortune once was made, and by your self:
 "But You, forsooth! abominated Pelf,
 "And made it fly, Imprudent as you was!
 "You can't forget that this was Once your Case.
 "Howe'er, to comfort Thee, since Thou'rt a Wit,
 "Fold up thy Cloak, and Sit thee down on It."
 My Lord, said I, perhaps You a'n't aware
 I have no Cloak — "That's true, quoth He, howe'er
 "I'm glad to see Thee. Virtue is a Cloak,
 "A good one too." — I didn't like the Joke:
 I bow'd my Head, yet still on foot remain'd:
 For there's no Place, unless — by Money gain'd,
 Or else by Favour. Some one of the Crowd
 Utter'd the following Words, but not aloud,
 Strange! that a Man shou'd be deny'd a Seat,
 So full of PHOEBUS, VIRTUE, and of WIT!

173. Michael de Cervantes Saavedra says in this MEMORIAL, that his Pen never
 flew in the Region of Satire, meaning, He never wrote defamatory Libels. But this
 is a very piercing SATIRE, and capable of exciting in any (not inhumane) Breast a
 compassionate Concern to see thus abandon'd and destitute of Friends a Man, who in
 the Opinion of that judicious Critic (n) *Huetius*, ought to be reckon'd among the best
 Wits Spain ever produced: and at the same it stirs up one's Indignation against those
 who tho' they saw his Merit before their Eyes, yet neglected to reward it as they ought.
 I do not wonder at it; for Father *John de Mariana*, an immortal Honour to the *Soci-*
ety of Jesus, writing to *Michael John Vimbodì(o)*, a Native of the Town of *Ontiniente* in the
 Kingdom of *Valencia*, who was then at the Court of *Rome* in the quality of Secretary to
 Cardinal *D. Augustin de Espinola*, Archbishop of *San-Tiago*; he says to him: Here
 (in Spain) the Culture of humane Learning declines every Day more and more. As Lite-
 rature and the Sciences meet with no manner of Reward, nor indeed Respect, they are mi-
 serably dejected and in a manner sunk to nothing. Such Arts indeed as are Lucrative and
 fill the Coffers, are esteem'd and valu'd. This is our Case at present. For almost every
 Body makes the Worth of the Arts to be so much Money as they'll bring: and such as don't
 turn to a Pecuniary Account, are held to be useless and unnecessary. Father *Mariana* was
 none of those Flatterers in all Times so frequent, who are to the last degree Mysterious
 and upon the Reserve in every Thing; they are so tender-mouth'd they never speak out,
 and are afraid to follow Truth too close at the Heels, lest she should kick their Teeth down
 their Throat. But *Mariana* did not use to mince the matter or to speak Things by halves
 or as it were by stealth: Not He: He could tell *Philip III* to his Face, and in the
 Face of the whole World: (p) *There is none that doeth good to Men of Learning, no not One:*
There's no Reward in the whole Kingdom for Scholarship. No manner of Respect shewn to
 Good

(n) Letter of the Origin of Romances. (o) Apud Leonem Allatium in *Apibus Urbanis*, pag. 196.
 (p) In his Dedication of his History of Spain.

Good Literature, not the least Honour paid it, Honour I say, which is the Mother of the Arts. Such as cultivate the Sciences, are out of the way of all Preferment: They must take another Course if they would keep from starving. Some vile sordid Souls that torment themselves with Envy at other People's superior Parts, and are mad at seeing them publish their Qualifications to the World in order to be rewarded; These will call by the Name of Arrogance the most just Complaints into which Cervantes broke out, as hath before been shewn. But he might say as another did on a like Occasion, and that was the no less unbefriended than learned Don Joseph Pelicèr, (q) and not without good Reason. For why should not a Scholar have the same Liberty as a Soldier? Why should a Penman be debarr'd what's allow'd to a Swordsman. Every Soldier is permitted to enumerate and set forth with Truth the Services, Engagements and Perils he has been in; and this was look'd upon by the old Romans as a commendable Virtue not Pride, and accordingly they bestow'd on the Deserving, Military Rings, Garlands, Mural and Civic Crowns, Trophies and publick Triumphs. And therefore I ought not to be thought a Boaster in particularizing my several Performances and the Praises (tho' empty ones) which they have met with, especially since Ignorance and Slander provoke me to it by Injuries and Calumnies which are likewise made publick. If indeed I swerv'd from Truth, it were a Crime. But as I do not, why shou'd I, while I'm alive, leave the Relation of these Things to another Pen? The same thing has been practis'd by the greatest Men in Spain, Don Antonio Augustin, Geronimo de Zurita, Doctor Arias Montanus, Master Luis de Leon, Father John de Mariana, Don Nicholas Antonio, Don John Lucas Cortès. And in short, what great Man has not done the same in his Case and Place? (r) St. Paul calls his Glorying, Folly: but such a Folly as other People's Injustice compel a Man to, very often. (s) In Cervantes, the Commendation of himself was an easing and giving Vent to a just Sense of his ill Usage; and his Self-praises were very allowable, considering his Genius: for he said very truly, (t)

*I ne'er on Trifles sought my Fame to raise,
Nor ever catch'd at Undeserved Praise:*

But not meeting with it from others, thro' the Envy they bore him, he gave them Occasion of still envying him more, not with any Design to augment their Envy to him, but purely to make manifest the Satisfaction of his own Conscience, by reviving a Remembrance of what he had done for the publick Service. And therefore in his pleasant Dialogue with Pancratio of Roncevalles, which may serve for a Comment to Cervantes's Speech to Apollo, he introduces the said Pancratio asking him certain Questions: (u) *Was you never Theatrically inclin'd, Señor Cervantes? Did you never write a Play? Yes, said I, a great many. And were they not mine, I should not scruple to pronounce them worthy of Praise, such were, THE HUMOURS OF ALGIERS: (x) NUMANTIA: THE GRAND SULTANA: THE SEA-FIGHT: JERUSALEM: THE AMARANT, or FLOWER-GENTLE OF MAY: THE GROVE OF LOVE: THE NONE-SUCH: and THE GAY ARSINDA, and several others which I forget. But that which I set the greatest Value upon, was and is, THE CONFUSED FAIR-ONE, which, (without Offence*

to

(q) In the Sincello, § 2. of the Introduction. (r) 2 Corinth. xii. 11. (s) The Apostle himself says as much. (t) Voyage to Parnassus, ch. 4. (u) Addition to the Voyage to Parnassus. (x) I have read this Play in Manuscript, says the Author. It is written with more Verisimilitude than the printed ones.

to any poor Brother of the Cloak and Sword that has hitherto written for the Stage) may hold a principal Place among the Best. Pancratio. But, pray, have you any by you now? Michael. I have Six, with as many INTERLUDES. Pancratio. But why are they not acted? Michael. Because neither the Actors seek after me, nor I after them. Pancr. They may not know you have any. Michael. They know it well enough: but as they have in Pay their Bread-and-Water Poets, and they make Shift with them, they don't want better Bread than is made of Wheat. But I think to send them to the Press, that That may be read at leisure in the Closet, which upon the Stage vanishes away, unheeded or unheard. And PLAYS have their Times and Seasons as well as SONGS. Thus far Cervantes, whose Colloquy was as it were a Scout or Forerunner which preceded the Book he published the Year after, with this Title: *Eight Plays, as likewise Eight new Interludes, compos'd by Michael Cervantes de Saavedra. Madrid: Printed by the Widow of Alonso Martin. Anno 1615, in 4°.*

174. And now Cervantes was become so miserably poor, that not having Money enough to put this Book to Press, he sold it to John Villaroel, at whose Charge it was printed.

The Names of the P L A Y S are these:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| EL GALLARDO ESPAÑOL. | <i>The Spanish Gallant.</i> |
| LA CASA DE LOS CELOS. | <i>The House of Jealousy.</i> |
| LOS BAÑOS DE ARGEL. | <i>The Bagnios of Algiers.</i> |
| EL RUFIAN DICHOSO. | <i>The Fortunate Bully.</i> |
| LA GRAN SULTANA. | <i>The Grand SULTANA.</i> |
| EL LABERINTO DE AMOR. | <i>The Labyrinth of Love.</i> |
| LA ENTRETENIDA. | <i>The kept Mistress.</i> |
| PEDRO DE URDEMALAS. | <i>Peter the Mischief-Monger.</i> |

INTERLUDES, or ENTERTAINMENTS.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| EL JUEZ DE LOS DIVORCIOS. | <i>The Judge of the Divorces.</i> |
| EL RUFIAN VIUDO. | <i>The Ruffianly Widower.</i> |
| ELECCION DE LOS ALCALDES DE DAGANZO. | <i>The Election of Mayor of Daganzo.</i> |
| LA GUARDA CUIDADOSA. | <i>The careful Guardian.</i> |
| EL VIZCAINO FINGIDO. | <i>The Counterfeit Biscayner.</i> |
| EL RETABLO DE LAS MARAVILLAS. | <i>The Raree-show of Wonders.</i> |
| LA CUEVA DE SALAMANCA. | <i>The Cave of Salamanca.</i> |
| EL VIEJO CELOSO. | <i>The Jealous Old-Man.</i> |

The Second and Third Entertainments are in Verse; the others in Prose. This sort of Composition being a lively Representation of any Action whatever, that is capable of being made ridiculous by Imitation and Mockery, of Consequence these ENTERTAINMENTS must be better to see than to read. And therefore *Lopé de Rueda*, who, when living, perfectly charmed the Spectators by his Acting, gives but very little Pleasure to the Readers of those INTERLUDES published by *John de Timoneda*, a noted Valencian Gentleman, and a plausible Writer in his Time.

175. The PLAYS of *Cervantes*, compared with others more ancient, are much the best, excepting always that of *CALISTO* and *MELIBEA*, known by the Name of *CELESTINA*, the Bawd, infamously famous on more Accounts than one: among others, its being never known who first conceiv'd the Plan of it, and also drew the Outlines in black and white, and began to colour it; and as for him that finish'd it, the Batchelor *Fernando de Roxas*, he could not equal the first Inventor. Since *Cervantes*, there have been Plays written of a grander Invention than the *Greek* ones (for the *Latin* Comic-Writers, *Plautus* and *Terence*, were no more than Imitators) but in point of Art much inferior. Whoever doubts this, let him first inform himself of the exceeding great Difficulty there is in writing a regular Play, by reading *Aristotle's* Poeticks, and if he does not understand it in the Original *Greek*, let him read *The most learned Illustration thereof* written by *Don Joseph Antonio Gonzalez de Salas*. But that the Reader may remain better inform'd how much the *Spanish* Stage owes to *Cervantes*, let us hear the Account which he (the sole Chronologer thereof) gives of the Rise and Progress of the *Spanish* Drama to his own Time. In the Preface to his *Plays*, he thus delivers himself:

" I can by no means avoid entreating the kind Reader to grant me his Pardon and Indulgence, if, in this Preface, he sees me a little transgressing the Bounds of my usual Reservedness. Some few Days ago, I happened to be in a Company of Friends, where the whole Conversation fell upon Plays and Matters relating to the Stage; which were so thoroughly canvassed, and every thing Theatrical sifted in so subtil a manner, that the Subject seem'd to me impossible to be extended to a greater Length, or the Argument capable of being spun to a finer Thread. Among other Topicks of our Discourse, we inquir'd who it was that in these Kingdoms first took the Drama out of its Cradle, stript the *Spanish* Plays of their Swaddling-cloaths, set 'em under a Canopy of State, and drest them with all that Gayness of Apparel and Sprightliness of Behaviour we now see 'em in. Myself being the oldest Man in Company, I told them I remembred to have seen Plays acted by the Great *Lopé de Rueda*, who was in high Esteem not only as a Player but as a Writer of Plays. He was a Native of *Seville*, and a Gold-beater by Trade. He had such a Talent for Pastoral Poesy, that he was excell'd by none, either then, or at any time since; and altho' being then but a Lad I could not make so sound a Judgment of the Goodness of his Verses, yet as I retain some of 'em in my Memory even to this Day, I am fully satisfy'd that I advance nothing but the Truth. And were it not foreign to the Business of a Preface, I cou'd quote such Passages out of his Works as would confirm what I have said of him. In the Time of this celebrated *Spaniard* all the Furniture and Utensils of the Actors were contain'd in one Sack or large Bag, and wholly consisted of Four Shepherds-Jerkins, made of Sheeps-Skins with the Wooll on, and adorn'd with Gilt-leather-trimming; Four Beards and Periwigs, and four Pastoral Crooks little more or less. The Plays were certain Discourses like Eclogues between two or three Shepherds, and some Shepherdesses. These Plays, such as they were, they wou'd now and then improve and lengthen out with two or three Interludes, of a Negre, i. e. Black-man or Woman, a Russian, a Fool, and a (y) *Biscayner*; and *Lopé*

" acted

(y) *The Castilians make a Jest of the Biscayners, as we do of some other People, and with as little Reason, for they are an ingenious People, only they don't speak the Spanish properly.*

“ acted all these four Parts and many more, with all the Propriety and Advantage that
 “ could possibly be imagin’d. There were not in those Days any Machines for Show
 “ to bring down Angels in Clouds, or the like; nor any Challenges or Combatings
 “ between Moors and Christians either on Foot or on Horseback. There were no Open-
 “ ings or Trap-doors under the Stage for Ghosts or Devils to arise from the Centre of
 “ the Earth. The Stage it self was compos’d of four long Benches or Forms placed in
 “ a Square; and upon these they laid four or six Planks or Boards, and so it was about
 “ three Foot high from the Ground. The Furniture of the Stage was an old Blanket
 “ or Horse-cloth drawn with two Ropes from one Side to the other, which made what
 “ they call’d the Attiring-Room; behind which were the Musicians singing without a
 “ Guitarr some old Ballads. *Lopé de Rueda* died, and as he was an excellent Man and
 “ of high Renown, they buried him in the great Church at *Cordova* (where he died)
 “ between the two Choirs, where likewise is interr’d that famous Madman *Luis Lopez*.
 “ *Nabarro* a Native of *Toledo* succeeded *Lopé de Rueda*. This *Nabarro* was noted for
 “ acting the Part of a Bully, or cowardly Russian. He made some Addition to the Fur-
 “ niture of the Theatre, and chang’d the Sack before-mention’d into Chests and Trunks.
 “ He made the Musick (which used to sing behind the Blanket) come forwards towards
 “ the Audience: He took away the Actors counterfeit Beards, without which till then
 “ no one used to act in any Play whatever; and made every one act barefaced, un-
 “ less it was the Part of an old Man or any other that requir’d the disguising of his
 “ Face. He invented Machines, Clouds, Thunder and Lightning, Challenges, Battles;
 “ but things were not arrived to the Pitch we now see them at. And now I hope I
 “ shall not be thought vain in affirming for a Truth what can’t be contradicted, namely,
 “ that in all the Playhouses at *Madrid* were acted some Pieces of My composing, such
 “ as (z) **THE HUMOURS OF ALGIERS**, **THE DESTRUCTION OF NUMANTIA**, and *The*
 “ *Naval Battle*, or *Sea-Fight*, wherein I took the Liberty to reduce Plays to Three
 “ Acts, which before consisted of Five. I shew’d, or, to speak better, I was the first
 “ that represented the Imaginations and secret Thoughts of the Soul, exhibiting moral
 “ Characters to publick View, to the entire Satisfaction of the Audience. I compos’d
 “ at that time no fewer Plays than thirty at least, all which were acted without any body’s
 “ interrupting the Players by flinging Cucumbers or any other Trash at them. They
 “ run their Race without any Hissing, Cat-calling or any other Disorder. But happening
 “ to be taken up with other things, I laid aside Play-writing, and then came on that
 “ Prodigy of Nature, that marvellous Man, the Great *Lopé de Vega*, who rais’d him-
 “ self to be supreme Monarch of the Stage: He subdued all the Players, and made them
 “ truckle to his Power: He filled the World with Theatrical Pieces, all of his own
 “ composing, finely and happily devis’d, and full of good Sense; and so numerous,
 “ that they take up above ten thousand Sheets of Paper, all of his own writing; and
 “ which is a most wonderful thing to relate, he saw ’em all acted, or at least had the
 “ Satisfaction to hear they were all acted. And if there are some Writers (as there are
 “ many

1 2

(z) I take that to be the meaning of *Los Tratos de Argel*: I can’t be sure of it, without read-
 ing the Play itself, which I own I never did, nor cou’d I ever get a Sight of it or of any other of our
 Author’s Plays. I have most of his other Works, and shou’d be glad to purchase ’em all.

“ many) who wou’d be thought worthy of some Share of Honour with *Lopé de Vega*,
 “ yet if all they have written jointly and separately were brought together, they would
 “ not amount to one Half of what has been written by him alone. And yet,
 “ notwithstanding what I have said, (since the Almighty does not grant all Things to
 “ all Men) the Publick is not a little oblig’d to Doctor *Ramon*, whose Performances
 “ are to be valued for their intrinsic Merit, as well as for being the most numerous of
 “ any Author next to the Great *Lopé*. Justice likewise calls upon us to pay Respect
 “ to the Licentiate *Michael Sanchez* on Account of his artificial Contrivances: Neither
 “ ought we to omit taking notice of Doctor *Mira de Mescua*, a singular Honour to
 “ our Nation, for his Sententiousness and Gravity; as is also the Canon *Tarraga* for
 “ his innumerable bright Thoughts; *Don Guillen de Castro* for his Harmony and delightful
 “ Sweetness; *De Aguilar* for the Shrewdness of his Wit. The Plays likewise of *Luis*
 “ *Velez de Guevara* make a great Noise in the World. The Plays of the ingenious *Don*
 “ *Antonio de Galarza*, tho’ not quite finisht; and the Cheats of Love promis’d by *Gaspar*
 “ *de Avila*; all these and many more have contributed something towards making us take
 “ our Eyes off *Lopé de Vegas*’s Great and Noble Structure. Some Years ago I return’d
 “ again to my wonted Amusement, and thinking the same Times continued as when
 “ my Name was up, I fell to writing again for the Stage, and had writ some Pieces; but
 “ I found (a) no Birds in last Year’s Nests. I mean I could light of no Actor that
 “ wou’d ask me for them, tho’ they knew of them. So I e’en threw ’em by, and con-
 “ demn’d ’em to perpetual Silence. At this very Time a Bookseller told me, he wou’d
 “ buy ’em of me, had not a topping Player told him, That, from my Prose, Much
 “ might be expected, but from my Verse, Nothing. If I must own the Truth, it
 “ gave me no small Concern, the hearing of this; and thus I said to myself: Either I
 “ am quite changed into another Man, or the Times are grown much better, tho’ that’s
 “ contrary to common Observation; for Times past are always most commended. I again
 “ lookt over my Comedies and some Interludes I had thrown by among ’em in a Corner,
 “ and I did not think any of ’em so very bad but that they might appeal from the muddi-
 “ ness of this Player’s Brain to the brightness of other Actors less Scrupulous and more
 “ Judicious. I was quite out of Humour, and so parted with the Copy to a Bookseller,
 “ who put ’em to Press, just as you see ’em. He offered me tolerably well for ’em,
 “ and I took his Money without having any thing to do with the Actors. I cou’d wish
 “ they were the best in the World, or at least, reasonably Good. Thou wilt soon see
 “ how they are, (my dear Reader) and if thou findest they have any Thing good in ’em,
 “ and shouldst happen to light on my Back-biting Actor, desire him from me to take
 “ Care and mend himself, for I offend no Man; and as for the Plays, let him take this
 “ along with him, they contain no bare-faced, open Follies; no obvious Nonsense;
 “ their Faults are Latent not Patent; the Verse too is the very same that’s requisite in
 “ Comic Pieces which ought to be, of all the Three Stiles, the lowest: Again, the Lan-
 “ guage of the Interludes is the proper Language of the Characters there represented;

“ and

(a) There are no Birds this Year in last Year’s Nests. i. e. Things are chang’d; the Case is alter’d
 since last Year. This Spanish Proverb runs in Rhime, as almost all of ’em do; which makes ’em inexpressi-
 bly pretty: En los nidos de antaño, no ay paxaros ogáño.

“ and if all this won't do, I'll recommend a Play to him which I'm now upon, with this
 “ Title, THE DECEIT OF DEALING BY THE EYE, which (if I am not deceiv'd myself)
 “ will not fail of pleasing. And so God grant *Him Health*, and *Me Patience*.

176. And thus you have the History of the Rise and Progress of the *Spanish Drama*; to the advancement of which *Cervantes* was the Person that had most contributed; and in order to bring it to a yet greater Perfection, he was so kind as to give us a Pattern of a *Grand TRAGICOMEDY*, written in Prose. He was many Years studying and preparing for the Press, the *TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA*. He had mention'd it on various Occasions. In his *Preface* to his *Novels*, he says thus of it: *After these (the Novels) if Life fail me not, I shall present thee with THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA, A Book which dares vie with HELIODORUS, unless for its sawciness it shou'd chance to come off with a broken Pate. But first thou shalt see, and that shortly, the Atchievements of DON QUIXOTE, and the merry conceits of Sancho Panza; and in a little Time after THE WEEKS OF THE GARDEN. I promise much, for one that has so little Strength. But who can lay a restraint upon his Desires?* The second Part of THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE came out as we have seen, in 1616. In his DEDICATION to the *Condé de Lemos*, dated at *Madrid* the last of *October*, 1615, *Cervantes* went so far as to conclude with the following Words: *And now I take my Leave with offering to your Excellency THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA: A Book which, God willing, I shall finish in Four Months, and which will be either the worst or the best Book that was ever written in our Language: I speak of Books of Entertainment: and I'm already sorry I said the worst; for in the Opinion of my Friends, it will be the best that possibly can be. May your Excellency return in Safety, (b) as is heartily wisht and desired; for PERSILES will be ready to kiss your Hands, and I your Feet, being your Excellency's most Humble, &c.* And indeed *Cervantes* had put his last Hand to THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA; but before it cou'd be publish'd, Death put an End to Him.

177. His Sickness was such, that himself was able to be, and actually was, his own Historian. And since we have no other, and that he relates every Thing in so agreeable a Way, let us see what he has left us at the End of the PREFACE, which he was either about finishing, or had finish'd, tho' begun a little *ex abrupto*. He says thus: (c) “ And so
 “ it fell out, most loving Reader, that as Two of my Friends and myself were coming
 “ from the Famous Town of *Esquivias*, famous I say on a thousand Accounts; first for
 “ its illustrious Families, and secondly for its more illustrious Wines, and so on; I
 “ heard some-body galloping after us (I thought) as if he wanted to overtake us, and
 “ the Person soon gave us to Understand as much, for he called out to us not to ride so fast;
 “ so we waited for him, and there came up to us upon a she-Ass a Grey Student, for he
 “ was drest all in Grey; he had Buskins on, such as are worn by Harvest-men that the
 “ Corn may not prick their Legs; round-toed Shoes, a Sword, not without a Chape to it,
 “ as it happen'd; a burnish'd Band, and an equal Number of three Thread Breeds; the
 “ Truth is, he had but Two; and every now and then his Band wou'd get o'one-side,
 “ and he took a wonderful deal of Pains to set it to Rights again. Your worships, said
 “ he to us, are going, belike, to sollicite some Office or Prebend at Court? His Eminence
 of

(b) He was President of the supreme Council in Italy. (c) This Quotation, as well as the preceding and succeeding ones, and most of the others, and all the Verses in general throughout this Critical History, were never Translated till now into any Language that I know of.

“ of *Toledo* must be there to be sure, or the King at least by your making so much
 “ Haste: Good Faith I cou’d hardly come up with you, tho’ my Afs hath been more than
 “ once applauded for a tolerable good Runner. To which one of my Companions made
 “ Answer: Señor *Michael de Cervantes’s* Nag has been the Cause of it, he has such a
 “ share of Heels. Scarce had the Student heard *Cervantes’s* Name, when leaping from
 “ his Beast, his Cushion falling one Way and Portmantua another (for with all this State
 “ was he Travelling) he comes up to Me and taking hold of my Left-Hand, Yes, yes,
 “ said he, This is the sound Cripple; the all-Famous; the merry Writer; and finally
 “ the Joy of the Muses! Seeing my self in so short a space so highly complimented, I
 “ thought it wou’d look discourteous in me not to make some Return to his Encomiums,
 “ so throwing my Arms about his Neck, whereby I occasion’d the Loss of his Band,
 “ I told him it was an Error which many of my well-wishers, thro’ Ignorance, had falln in-
 “ to. I am indeed *Cervantes*, but not the Joy of the Muses, nor the other fine Things
 “ you are pleas’d to call me. Be pleas’d therefore, good Sir, added I, to remount your
 “ Beast, and let us Travel on and be good Company the rest of the Way. The well-
 “ bred Student did as I desired. We slacken’d our Pace, and so we jogg’d on very so-
 “ berly together, and happening to talk of my Illness, the Student soon let me know my
 “ Doom, by saying it was a Dropsy I had got, which all the Water of the Ocean, even
 “ tho’ it were not Salt, would never suffice to quench. Therefore, Señor *Cervantes*, you
 “ must Drink nothing at all, but don’t forget to Eat: for this alone will recover you with-
 “ out any other Physick. I have been told the same by others, answered I, but I can as
 “ well Not Tipple as if I were born to do nothing else but Tipple, all one and the same. My
 “ Life is drawing to an End, and by the daily-Journal of my Pulse, which I find (by next
 “ Sunday at farthest will have finisht its Course, I shall have finisht my Course too. You
 “ came in the very nick of Time to be acquainted with me; but I shall have no Oppor-
 “ tunity of shewing you how much I’m oblig’d to you for your Good-will. By this we
 “ were got to the *Toledo* Bridge, which was the Way I went in, (c) as he did by that of
 “ the *Segovia* Bridge. What will be said of my Adventure, Fame will take care of
 “ that, my Friends may have a Mind to tell it, and I a greater Mind to hear it. I
 “ turn’d back again to embrace my Student once more, and he return’d too, and offer’d
 “ to do the like by me. With this he spurr’d his Beast, and left me as ill dispos’d on my
 “ Horse, as he was ill mounted on his Afs, on which my Pen itcht to be writing some
 “ pleasant Things.—But, Adieu, my merry Friends all; for I’m going to Die; and I
 “ hope to see you e’er’t be long in t’other World, as happy as Heart can wish.”

And now, alas! we behold *Cervantes* on the Confines of Death and just upon the
 point of expiring. The Dropsy increast, and, in the End, bore him quite down. But
 the weaker he grew in Body, the more he endeavour’d to strengthen his Mind; and
 having received *Extreme Unction* (in order to go off Victorious, like a Christian *Wrestler*,
 in the last (d) *Luclation*) he waited for Death with a Serenity of Mind which shew’d he
 did not fear that King of Terrors: and what is most to be wonder’d at, he could not
 even

(c) Into Madrid I suppose, where, I take it, there are, among others, two Bridges, one call’d the Bridge
 of *Toledo*, the other of *Segovia*. (d) Our Author, no doubt, alludes to the Custom of the Ancients
 anointing their *Wrestlers* all over with Oil before they enter’d the Lists, for reasons which every body
 knows.

even then forbear both speaking and writing some merry Conceit or other, as they came into his Head, insomuch that having receiv'd the last Sacrament on the 18th of April 1616, he, the very next Day, wrote, or dictated, the DEDICATION of THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA; (LOS TRABAJOS DE PERSILES i SIGISMUNDA) quoting Verses to his Patron the *Condé de Lemos*, for whom he left in writing the following Dedication :

“ There's an old Ballad which, in its Day, was much in vogue, and it began thus:
 “ *And now with one Foot in the Stirrup.* Now I could wish this did not fall so pat to my Epistle ; for I can almost say in the same Words :

And now with one Foot in the Stirrup
 Setting out for the Regions of Death ;
 To write this Epistle I cheer up,
 And salute my Lord, With my last Breath.

“ Yesterday they gave me the Extreme Unction, and to Day I write this. Time is
 “ short, Pains increase, Hopes diminish, and yet for all this I wou'd live a little longer,
 “ methinks, not for the sake of Living, but I wou'd eke out Life, a Handful or so,
 “ till I could kiss your Excellency's Feet ; and it is not impossible but the Pleasure
 “ of seeing your Excellency safe and well in *Spain*, might make Me well too ; but if
 “ I am decreed to dye, Heav'n's Will be done ; but your Excellency will at least give
 “ me leave to inform You of this my Desire, and likewise that you had, in me, so zealous and well-affected a Servant, as to be willing to go even beyond Death to serve
 “ you, if it were possible for his Ability to equal his Sincerity. However, I prophetically rejoyce at your Excellency's Re-arrival in *Spain* : My Heart bounds within me
 “ to fancy you shewn to one another by the People : *There goes the Condé de Lemos !* and
 “ it revives my Spirits to see the accomplishment of those Hopes which I had so much
 “ dilated upon in praise of your Excellency's most promising Perfections. There are
 “ still remaining in my Soul certain Remains and Glimmerings of the WEEKS OF THE
 “ GARDEN, (e) and of the Famous BERNARDO : If by good-luck, or rather by a Miracle, Heav'n spares me Life, your Excellency shall see them both, and with them
 “ the Second Part of the GALATEA, which I know your Excellency would not be ill
 “ pleas'd to see. And so I conclude with my ardent Wishes that the Almighty will
 “ preserve your Excellency, &c. *Madrid 19 April, 1616.*

Your Excellency's Servant Michael de Cervantes.

178. According to this Letter or Epistle Dedicatory, it is highly probable he dy'd soon after. The particular Day is not known, nor even the Month. Certain it is, he did not live long enough to see the TRABAJOS abovemention'd printed ; for on the 24th of September, 1616. at *San Lorenzo el Real* a License was granted to Doña (f) Catalina de Salazar, Widow of Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, to print that Book, and accordingly it was printed with this Title, *Los Trabajos, &c.* i. e. *The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda,*

(e) Two Books which he had not perfectly finish'd. (f) Catalina is the Spanish name for Catharine.

Sigismunda, a Northern History; by Michael de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid; printed by John de la Cuesta, in the Year 1617. in 4to. A few Years after, it was translated into Italian, by Francisco Elio, a Milaneze; and it was printed at Venice, by and for Bartholomè Fontana, Anno 1616. in 8vo.

179. In the first Impression there are two Epitaphs, such, that for their duration deserve to be engrav'd in the lightest Cork that can be got for Love or Money. The one is (f) a Sonnet of *Luis Francisco Calderon*, which contains nothing particular. The other is a (g) *Decima*, which for the Brightness of the Thought, and to shew how Exquisite a Conception the Author of it must needs have, shall be here translated Literally:

180. *Verses of Don Francisco de Urbina, on Michael de Cervantes, an extraordinary famous Christian Wit of our Times, who was carry'd to his Grave, with his Face uncovered, by the Devout Men of the Third Order of St. Francis, he having been one of those Devout Men himself:*

E P I T A P H.

Traveller!

This Grave, Cervantes' Ashes, does confine,
But not his Fame. That, deathless and divine,
Still lives. His Works, tho' He has run his Race,
Survive; so full of Beauty and of Grace
He went from Earth to Heav'n WITH A BARE FACE.

}

181. This Epitaph gave occasion to the Author of the BIBLIOTHECA FRANCISCANA to put Cervantes into it, as one of the Writers that were Brothers of the Confraternity of the Third Order: A *Bibliothèque*, (or Library) which if it were to take in all those Brothers, wou'd surely be the most Copious of all Libraries.

182. Cervantes says that his *PERSILES* and *SIGISMUNDA* dared to vie with *HELIODORUS*. The greatest Encomium we can bestow on it is, that, What he says, is matter of fact. The Loves therein recounted are most Chast; the fecundity of Invention marvellous, insomuch that he is even wasteful of his Wit, and excessive in the Multitude of Episodes. The Incidents are Numerous, and vastly Various. In some we see an imitation of *Heliodorus*, and in others, *Heliodorus* greatly improv'd; and in the rest a perfect Newness of Fancy shines forth in the most conspicuous Manner. All of them are dispos'd artfully, and well unfolded, with Circumstances almost always Probable. The farther the Reader proceeds in this Work, the greater is his Delight in reading it, the Third and Fourth Book being much better than the First and Second. A Series of Troubles borne with Patience, End at last in Peace and Ease, without any Machine; for in such a Man as Cervantes, it had been a Miracle itself if he had made use of a Miracle to bring about What indeed wou'd have puzzled a Wit less happy than his. In the Descriptions he excels

(f) Soneto in Spanish, is not what we in England mean by a Sonnet, but a particular kind of Spanish Poetry, consisting of 14 Verses, the common sort; tho' there be others which those who desire to understand may read the Spanish *Arte Poética*. (g) Another sort of Spanish Poetry of ten short Lines. I have given a Literal translation of them in those five Lines above. The writer of this Life has inserted the above Epitaph only to ridicule the Person that compos'd it.

cels *Heliodorus*. Those of the latter are a great deal too frequent, as well as too pompous. Those of *Cervantes* well-timed, and perfectly natural. He likewise was superior to the other in Style; for altho' that of *Heliodorus* is very elegant, it is somewhat affected and singular; it is too figurative, and more Poetical than is allow'd of in Prose. A Fault into which even the discrete *Fenelon* himself is likewise fallen. But *Cervantes's* Style is proper, regularly sublime, modestly figured, and temperately Poetical when he offers at a Description. Briefly, this Work is of a better Invention, more artificial Contrivance, and of a more sublime Style than that of *DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA*. But it did not meet with an equal Reception, because the Invention of the History of *DON QUIXOTE* is more popular, and contains Characters that are more pleasant and agreeable; and as they are fewer in number, the Reader better retains in his memory the Customs, Actions and Characters of each respective Person. Besides, the Style is more natural, and by so much the more easy, by how much less sublime it is. And here let me inform such Writers as don't know it, that to put bounds to the inventive Faculty, and to desist from a Work when it is come to its due Time and proper Period, is an argument of a Masterly Genius. And this very Thing puts me in mind that it is high time I had done troubling my Reader with any more of my Impertinencies, and I beg he'll forgive what's past, in regard all the View I have had in it was to pay obedience to the great Personage who honour'd me with his Commands, in Minuting down what I cou'd collect relating to *Michael de Cervantes's* Life and Writings, in order to their being digested and written by some other Hand with that Felicity of Style which the Subject deserves. Meanwhile I shall here give a most faithful Copy of the Original itself; Concluding with those very Words with which *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* Began his PREFACE to his NOVELS.

183. " I shou'd be very glad, most loving Reader, (were it possible) to be excus'd
 " writing this Preface; That which I prefix'd to my *Don Quixote*, not having the good
 " Fortune to please so very much as to make me over-fond to second it with another.
 " That I trouble thee with this, is owing to one of those (b) many Friends whom my
 " Circumstances, more than my Wit, have gain'd me; whom I cou'd have wisht to have
 " got me ingrav'd, as the Custom is, and to have prefix'd me to the Frontispiece of
 " this Book; for the famous *Don John de Jauregui* wou'd have giv'n him my Picture
 " to have done it from; and thus wou'd my Ambition have been satisfy'd, and likewise
 " the Curiosity of those Readers that had a Mind to know what kind of a Man I was, that
 " durst to send abroad into the World so many Inventions, and he might have written
 " under my Effigy these Words: He whom thou seest here with a sharp aquiline Vi-
 " sage, brown chestnut-colour'd Hair; his Forehead smooth and free from Wrinkles; his
 " Eyes brisk and chearful; his Nose somewhat Hookish or rather Hawkish, but withal
 " well-proportion'd; his Beard silver-colour'd, which twenty Years ago was gold; his
 " Mustachio's large; his Mouth little; his Teeth neither small nor big, and of them he
 " has but Six, and those in bad condition and worse ranged, for they have no correspon-
 " dence with one another; his Body between two Extrems, neither large nor little;
 m " his

(b) He alludes to the unknown Friend, who he says was his Counsellor in the First Preface to his *Don Quixote*.

“ his Complexion lively, rather fair than swarthy ; somewhat thick in the Shoulders and
 “ not very light of Foot : This I say is the Effigy of the Author of *GALATEA*, and of
 “ *DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA* : He likewise made the *VOYAGE* to *PARNASSUS* ;
 “ in imitation of *Cæsar Caporal* the *Perugian*, and other Works which wander about
 “ the World, here and there and every where, and perhaps too without the Maker’s
 “ Name. He was commonly call’d *MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA*. He
 “ was many Years a Soldier ; five and a half a Captive, and from thence learnt to bear
 “ Afflictions patiently. At the naval Battle of *Lepanto* he lost his left Hand by the shot
 “ of a Harquebus ; a Maim which how unsightly soever it might appear to others, yet
 “ was look’d on by him as the greatest Grace and Ornament, since got in the noblest and
 “ most memorable Action that ever past Ages had seen, or future e’er cou’d hope to
 “ see ; fighting under the victorious Banners of the Son of that Thunderbolt of War
 “ *Charles Vth* of Happy Memory.



F I N I S.

